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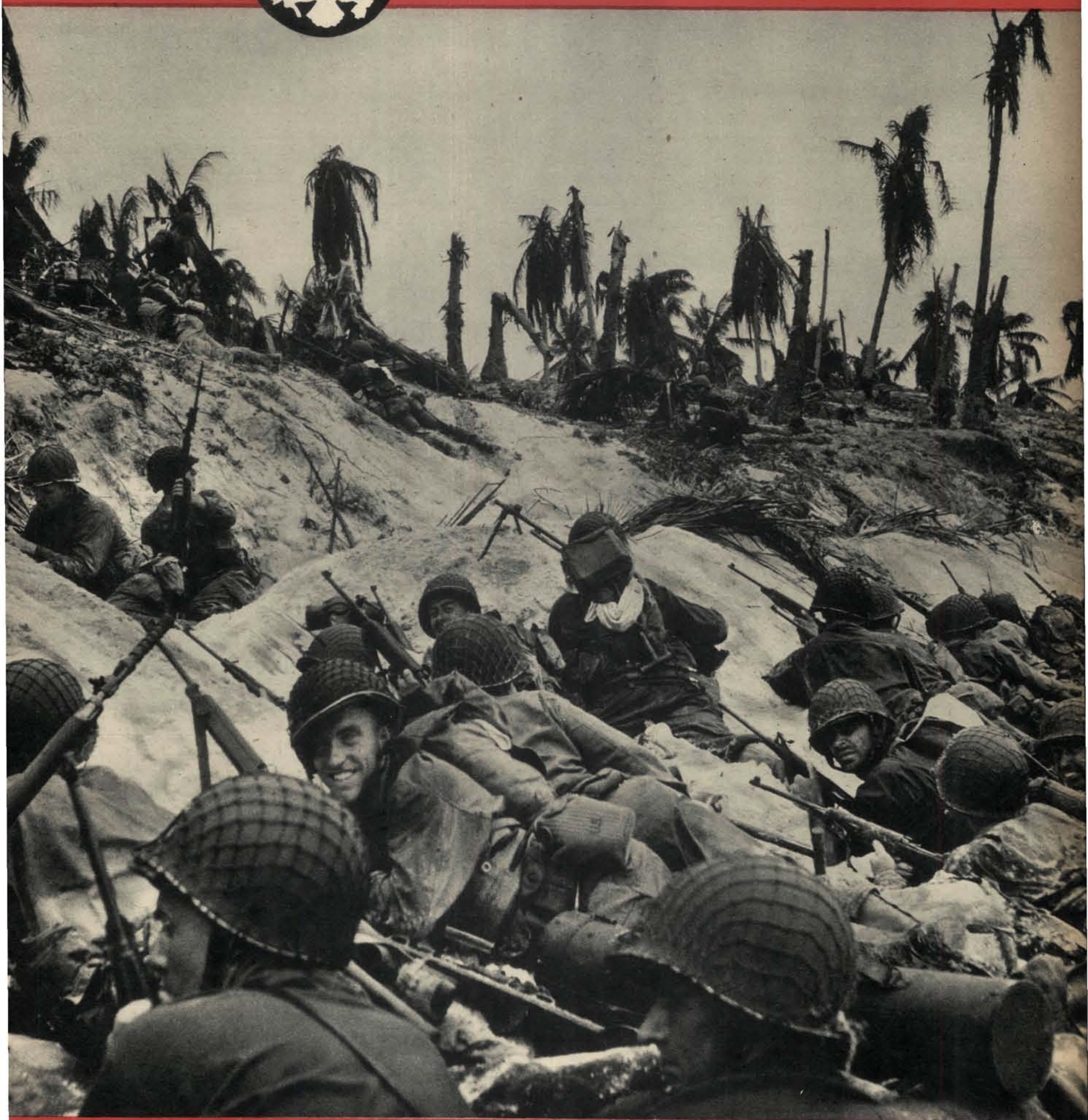
By the men . . for the men in the service



They Walked Into a Surprise Party at Eniwetok

STORY ON PAGE 3

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WHEN WAR CAME TO ENIWETOK ISLAND THESE NATIVES HAD A RINGSIDE SEAT—SO NEAR THAT SOME OF THEM HAVE TAKEN TO A FOXHOLE BECAUSE OF JAP SNIPER FIRE.

The shores of this last stronghold of the enemy in the Marshalls were so quiet at first that the landing Americans thought it was another Kiska. Then the Japs peered out of their camouflaged foxholes and opened a deadly fire from all sides.

WHILE he was taking the pictures of the Eniwetok invasion shown on these pages, Sgt. John A. Bushemi, YANK staff photographer, was fatally wounded by fire from a Jap knee mortar and died three hours later in the sick bay of a Navy transport.

Before he joined the Army almost three years ago, Johnny Bushemi was a news photographer on his hometown paper, the Gary (Ind.) *Post-Tribune*. He came to YANK from the Field Artillery at Fort Bragg, N. C., when our editorial staff was first organized in May 1942. The pictures taken by him since he went overseas in October 1942 have been one of YANK's outstanding features. He covered combat assignments in New Georgia, Makin, Tarawa and Kwajalein and shot feature pictures at Guadalcanal, the Fijis, Tulagi, New Caledonia, Hawaii and many other Pacific islands. Cheerful, likable and sincerely devoted to his work, he made lasting friends among GIs wherever he went.

The morning after his death, funeral services for Johnny and a sailor, also killed on the first day of the battle, were held on the deck of the transport off the Eniwetok shore, while Navy destroyers and Avengers were still blasting Jap installations on the island.

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MACHINE GUN ALREADY SET UP SOLDIERS WIELD ENTRENCHING TOOLS TO SCOOP OUT A HOME

Surprise Party at Eniwetok

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENIWETOK ISLAND, ENIWETOK ATOLL, THE MARSHALLS [By Cable]—Almost everything about the battle for this island had a fantastic and unexpected quality.

The operation began in the usual fashion with an uninterrupted barrage of 16-, 8- and 5-inch shells laid down by U. S. battleships, cruisers and destroyers. From our troopships only a few hundred yards offshore, all of Eniwetok seemed on fire. Red, yellow and black smoke blanketed the island, while a dull gray smoke clung to the shattered trees and bushes. At dawn our destroyers moved closer, almost hugging the beach.

Then Navy Avengers raked the area with a dive-bombing and strafing attack, barely clearing the tops of some of the trees. This aerial bombardment began soon after morning chow, which included fresh eggs because this was the day of battle. By the time our assault boats had gathered in the rendezvous area, coconuts and huge palm fronds were floating out from the beach.

Suddenly the bombardment ceased; for a single, incredible minute there was silence. That silence seemed to underline the question all of us were asking ourselves: where were the Japs?

At no time had the enemy answered the Navy's surface and air bombardments. None of our observers had sighted a single Jap on the island—or any other living thing. Some of the men of the 106th Infantry wondered out loud whether Eniwetok was another Kiska, whether the Japs had fled without a fight.

There was nothing to make the infantrymen change their minds as the first two assault waves piled out of amphibious tractors and threw themselves over the steep fire trench that ran along the entire beach, then stood upright and moved inland. There was still no sign of Japs.

As troops under Lt. Col. Harold I. (Hi) Mizony of Spokane, Wash., moved north, and troops under Lt. Col. Winslow Cornett of White Plains, N. Y., moved south, the guns of the destroyer force shifted their fire ahead of the troops to clear the way north and south.

By this time the fourth wave had hit the beach. Sgt. John A. Bushemi of Gary, Ind., YANK staff photographer, who later was fatally wounded by a shell from a Jap knee mortar, landed in this wave, together with Harold Smith, Chicago *Tribune* correspondent; CPO D. A. Dean of Dallas, Tex., master at arms of our transport; 1st Lt. Gerhard Roth of Portland, Oreg., and Sgt. Charles Rosecrans of Honolulu, Central Pacific G-2 photographers, and this correspondent.

YANK's photographer Sgt. John A. Bushemi killed in action during the landings on Eniwetok.

The last picture Bushemi made Lt. Col. Mizony. Twenty minutes later Johnny fell.

There was still no resistance. The only sounds were the sounds of our BAR and rifle fire, spraying every tree that might contain a sniper and every exposed shell crater.

Sgt. Mat Toper of New York, N. Y., lay flat on his back on the fire trench and lit the first of 20 cigars he'd managed to keep dry through the landing operation. Pfc. Albert Lee, a Chinese-American tank gunner from Los Angeles, Calif., grinned and said: "This is the easiest one yet." Lee had made three previous assault landings.

Our rear elements, preceded by tanks, were moving up to the front. At 1010 a cooling rain began to fall, and in a few minutes you couldn't see more than a few feet ahead.

It was then that the Japs decided to let us know they were present and ready to fight. The high-pitched ring of Jap rifle fire sounded on all sides, our first warning that there were nearly as many Japs behind as in front of our own lines. Knee-mortar shells, from positions on both ends of the island, began to sprinkle the landing beach, just short of the incoming boats. A few shells hit the troops south of the beach party, killing six men and wounding eight.

As 1st Lt. John Hetherington of Mt. Vernon N. Y., transportation officer, headed back for the beach in search of his motor sergeant, Sgt.

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Robert Flynn of Albany, N. Y., he saw some engineers blasting away at what looked like a small pile of mangrove leaves, evidently knocked down from a tree by one of the Navy blasts.

Just ahead were some communications men, cleaning their rifles and sharing a D-ration chocolate bar. As the engineers moved out, Lt. Hetherington saw a Jap rise up from under the leaves, knife in one hand, grenade in the other. The lieutenant fired his carbine once and squeezed the trigger for a second shot. The carbine jammed, but that didn't matter; his first shot had plugged the Jap in the head. Under the palm fronds and dried leaves, Hetherington found a neatly dug square hole, four feet deep. Inside were three other dead Japs.

He saw hundreds of similar holes later on; we all did. Some were spider trenches, connected by carefully covered underground passages, a few with corrugated tin under the fronds and mangrove leaves. Many of the trenches had been built for a single Jap, others for two or three or four men. None of the holes was large enough to accommodate more than six Japs, and almost all of them were so well hidden that it was possible to step over and beyond the holes without seeing them. The Japs had allowed platoon after platoon of American troops to pass through before they opened up.

Sgt. Chris Hagen of Fairmont, Minn., a squad leader, and eight riflemen became separated from their platoon in the landing. Just as they walked over the fire trench, in the area through which almost the whole battalion had passed without encountering resistance, scattered Jap rifle fire came from their rear, barely clearing their heads. They dropped to the ground.

"Underground," shouted Hagen. "The sons of bitches are underground." His squad began throwing grenades into every pile of fronds. Three Japs darted out of one hole and ran for the beach. Hagen fired once and hit the first one before he'd gone 15 yards. He hit the other two a few yards farther on. In the next 20 minutes, Hagen killed 12 Japs by pitching grenades into a dozen holes. Pfc. Joseph Tucker, a rifleman from Live Oak, Fla., accounted for at least nine more, and the entire outfit cleaned out about 50 in some 20 unconnected holes, all dug underground in an area that was not more than 40 yards square.

At Eniwetok, Pfc. Albert Lee, Chinese-American, was making his fourth assault landing.

Capt. Carl Stoltz, who comes from Binghamton, N. Y., killed five Japanese all by himself.

As Lt. Col. Mizony, rounding out 22 years in the Army, moved up with 18 of his enlisted men, including battalion CP personnel, Capt. Carl Stoltz of Binghamton, N. Y., commander of a heavy-weapons company, yelled: "Look out, Hi!" The colonel hit the ground, and Stoltz, a former Binghamton cop, got the underground sniper with a carbine. He found four others in a tin- and palm-covered trench on the beach. As he started to walk over it, the captain stopped, looked down and noticed a movement inside. He killed two Japs with the carbine and the other two with grenades. Capt. Stoltz and Sgt. Hagen will be recommended for Silver Stars.

In almost the same area, Pfc. Sam Camerda of Akron, Ohio, and Pfc. William (Mac) Wemyrs of Tennessee, headquarters intelligence men, found three more Japs—two in one hole and one in another. S/Sgt. Delbert (Pop) Markham, former shipyard worker from California, came across a blanket-covered body a few yards inland. He pushed the blanket aside, and a Jap hand, holding an unexploded grenade, twitched. When Markham finished, the hand was still.

Meanwhile the company commanded by Capt. Charles Hallden of Brooklyn, N. Y., was being harassed from the rear and facing heavy and light machine-gun fire a few yards ahead. As they crossed the island in a rapid advance, they came upon two coconut-log pillboxes reinforced with sand, the kind that had been common in the Gilberts and at Kwajalein but were few and far between here. They cleaned out each box with flame throwers, red flares and demolition charges, followed by grenades and BAR fire.

When the company reached a native village and the smoking ruins of some Jap concrete installations, a young native stuck his head up from a hole and shouted "friend." The advance halted while the native guided 1st Sgt. Louis Pawlinga of Utica, N. Y., and a search party to other holes, where they found 33 natives—four men, 12 women and 17 children—only three injured. They were taken to the beachhead.

Just before noon the troops circled south, although there were some Japs still alive on the western side of the island. As 1st Lt. George Johnson of Sikeston, Mo., moved up with his company, the leader of the second squad, Sgt. Earl Bodiford of Pocahontas, Tenn., fired at a covered foxhole. The muzzle of a rifle moved in the shadows. Bodiford raced forward, grabbed the gun from a dazed Jap and hurled it as far as he could. He killed the Jap and moved on.

By early afternoon we had run up against concentrated underground defenses and were held up by knee-mortar fire. Shells were falling on every side, in and around the CP and ahead and just behind the front lines. Lt. Col. Cornett ordered the line held and called for reinforcements.

The sun was shining again and the atmosphere was overwhelmingly hot and muggy. Black flies covered everything — guns, clothes, faces and hands. Knee-mortar fire was falling throughout the area, no spot was safe from snipers and there was Jap heavy machine-gun fire up ahead. Lt. Col. Mizony called for some Navy Avengers.

Johnny Bushemi, Chief Dean, Lt. Roth and Sgt. Rosecrans, the photographers; Smith, the correspondent, and I crouched behind a medium tank to smoke our first cigarettes in several hours and tell one another what had happened since we'd become separated that morning. Just before the Avengers swooped in at 1445, Capt. Waldo Drake, USN, Pacific Fleet PRO, and Hal O'Flaherty of the Chicago *Daily News* joined us. When the short, concentrated aerial strafing was completed, five of us—Johnny, Capt. Drake, Smith, O'Flaherty and I—started forward to take a look at the damage.

Johnny was winding his movie camera a few yards behind the rest of us when we stopped to examine a bullet-riddled chest filled with Marshallese books. We were just beyond the fire trench on the lagoon side of the beach, perhaps 75 yards behind the front lines. That area had been under sporadic knee-mortar fire throughout the morning, but for at least two hours none of the 60-mm grenades had fallen there.

I stayed behind for a minute to pick up a Marshallese Bible, and Smith, O'Flaherty and Capt. Drake, followed by Johnny, had gone not more than 20 paces up the line from the trench when the first shell landed in our midst. I ducked into an exposed hole, just below the chest of books, and the others threw themselves on the open ground. Shells burst all around us, chasing Lt. Roth, Sgt. Rosecrans and Chief Dean as they

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raced for the beach and pinning the rest of us in a diminishing circle of fire.

Each explosion kicked up dirt and sand as it landed; we thought each shell would be our last. No one knows how many bursts there were in all—probably five or six—but after two or three interminable minutes the explosions stopped. Johnny was bleeding profusely.

Capt. Drake had a gash above his right eye and Smith had been nicked in the right arm by shrapnel. The three of us ran 300 yards down the beach to get the medics. Capt. Drake, blood pouring from his wound, refused treatment until we had started back with a litter for Johnny.

By the time we reached the shallow crater where O'Flaherty was waiting with Bushemi, Johnny had already lost a tremendous amount of blood from shrapnel wounds in his left cheek and neck and in his left leg. But he was still conscious, and as we returned through the sniper-infested area inland from the lagoon beach, he asked for his two cameras. He carried both of them until we reached the advanced aid station in a demolished coconut-log emplacement. There he was given more sulfanilamide and two plasma applications.

Johnny was conscious, joking with all of us and asking how badly Capt. Drake was hurt, until after he had reached our transport. He died at 1750, a little less than three hours after he was wounded, while Navy surgeons were tying the arteries in his neck. His last words were: "Be sure to get those pictures back to the office."

Meanwhile elements of the 22d Marines had taken an advance position on the northern end of Eniwetok, working toward the seaward side. Pvt. James Syrell of Oswego, N. Y., saw five Japs emerge from the ground not more than five feet away, each carrying a pistol. He threw grenades and got all five. The day before, on Engebi Island in the northern tip of Eniwetok Atoll (captured in six hours, five minutes), Syrell accounted for some 30 others.

During the night the advance continued on Eniwetok, the marines pushing seaward on the eastern end and the soldiers continuing northward. They moved barely 15 yards at a time, tanks leading the way, flanked on each side by infantrymen—BAR men spraying every foot and riflemen throwing grenades into each mound.

There was no organized counterattack, and only two attempts at resistance by more than small handfuls of Japs. At about 2000, an hour after the advance began, a dozen Japs tried to swim through the lagoon to reach the rear. Spotted by a destroyer searchlight, they were wiped out when they reached the beach.

The second attempt came at 0100, when 40 Japs leaped from their holes about 30 yards from the marine lines and raced forward. Brandishing sabers, hurling grenades and screaming "Banzai! The f---ing marines will die!", they leaped into the marine foxholes. There was hand-to-hand combat, jiujitsu, knifing and bayonetting. In less than 20 minutes, 40 Japs and 20 marines were killed on a line not more than 30 yards long.

Then the entire battalion was ordered back 300 yards to mop up the southern, lagoon side of the island for the second time. They found almost as many live Japs hiding under their feet this time as during the first advance.

At 0900 Capt. Hallden saw a Jap manning a knee-mortar position behind a well-concealed coconut-log emplacement. The captain fired his carbine and the Jap wilted. This mortarman was believed responsible for Johnny's death.

Every few minutes supplies were moved in over the beachhead. The Engineers were already surveying behind the lines for our installations.

Dead Japs were being piled up on the beach, but many still remained where they had fought and died—underground. At almost any spot on the island there were still some Japs alive, and occasionally rifle fire broke out around the aid station. Several times mop-up squads came back to clean out all the holes they could find. Then, after they had left, the fire would break out again in another spot. A few Japs, not many, were taken prisoner. There had been a steady stream of American casualties flowing back to the aid stations the first day, but our casualties were lighter now.

By late afternoon of the third day, Eniwetok was secured.

In Italy, the gallant Sgt. Cannizzo helps French ambulance driver Renee Lorie with her knitting

When Going Is Tough, French Ambulance Girls in Italy Dream of Paris Days

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN
Africa Stars & Stripes Correspondent

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The old Italian victrola scratched out some soft music and the pretty French girl with the flowing black hair waltzed around the room with a dreamy look in her eyes and an imaginary sweetheart in her arms.

"Tonight I am not here," she said in a musical accent. "Tonight I am in Paris, wearing a long red evening gown and silk stockings and satin shoes and a flower in my hair."

The scratchy record finished its song and she walked over to start it playing again. It was the only record in the room.

She smiled wistfully. "We are still very feminine girls, yes?" They still were. There were still traces of lipstick and powder on the faces of some of the girls in the room. They still giggled girlishly and—no matter how much their clothes disguised it—some of them were still pretty enough to be pin-ups.

But these 24 French ambulance drivers were far from Paris. They were in a tiny, cramped room in a damp Italian farmhouse where the garlic still hung from the ceiling. And they weren't wearing evening gowns; they wore GI fatigues, leggings and hobnailed boots.

"When we first come here, the soldiers they laugh at us," said Renee. "They say we are girls, and we will wreck our machines and lose our way, and we are not able to stand all this dirty living of war.

"But we stand it. It is hard at first, and we are frightened when we are shelled and when we see soldiers die in our arms, but we stand it. And our ambulances they are clean and we never have accident. Now the soldiers they no longer laugh."

All day and all night there are three ambulances, two girls in each one, making the 20-mile round trip to the front lines, within a kilometer of the actual fighting, to pick up the wounded and bring them back to the collecting station. Other girls in other ambulances take the wounded from the stations back to the field hospitals. And when there is a battle going on and the casualties are heavy, quite often all 12 ambulances are out on the road.

In the thick blackout, the girls have to guess at the road. They try to bypass the shellholes filled with water, and when the machine starts to slide in the slushy mud, they hold on tight to the wheel. And if they get a flat tire in a pouring rain, they must hurry and fix it because the wounded are waiting.

The two girls in each ambulance take turns, one driving, the other staying back with the patients—giving them cigarettes or water, peeling oranges for them, injecting morphine if they need it, talking to them.

When the first shift's work is done, a new shift goes out and the six girls go "home" for a while. They pull off their heavy GI boots and put them near the fire to dry. They take the itchy leggings off their cold legs and slip out of their coveralls into skirts, home-made from GI pants.

If they are hungry, as they usually are, they have their choice of warmed-up C rations or cold corned beef or sliced Spam.

After chow the girls pull out their knitting and finish some woolen socks for soldiers. Or they write letters to their folks or sweethearts or husbands. Sometimes they play the borrowed victrola's single record. Or, if Josie isn't driving, she takes out her harmonica, and they all sing.

And sometimes they feel a little lonely and empty. When that happens, they sprawl on the floor around the fireplace and talk freely and intimately of their problems and dreams. For more than a year they have been very close.

They spent two dirty months learning all about automobiles and then several spotless months learning all about nursing.

Some of them were nurses in France and North Africa before they became ambulance drivers, but most of them are just typical Frenchwomen, ranging from art students to farm girls. Giselle, the youngest, is 19; Armande is "something more than 35" and the mother of two soldier-sons.

"They ask me why I do this thing," said Armande, "and I tell them simply that I do it to shorten the war so I may be back with my sons."

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WAR IN THEIR FACES. After 23 days and nights of fighting in the dark jungles of New Britain these marines are going to get a rest. Waiting at Cape Gloucester for all the men of their unit to climb aboard the trucks that will carry them to the rear, they have the marks of front-line fighters bitten deep in their faces.

Antipersonnel Bombs Drive You Nuts in the Solomon Islands

SOLOMON ISLANDS—Coconut plantations are often used for military encampment in these islands because there is no jungle undergrowth, there is perfect concealment from the air and there are plenty of palm logs to cover foxholes.

Only drawbacks are the coconuts, hanging like the Sword of Damocles over thousands of GI noggins. There are literally millions of coconuts. Winds and heavy rains knock them down; they fall about 50 feet, so that getting hit by a nut is like stopping a golf ball, only more so.

Surprisingly enough, very few men have been in the way when the nuts came thudding down. One exception is Pvt. Eugene K. Lampkin, an MP from Cincinnati, Ohio.

It happened on one of his worst days. Lampkin was directing traffic near the shore of Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville, and his heart was seething. A passing truckload of marines had just asked the inevitable and unanswerable "why don't you join a good outfit?" It was just this unfortunate moment that the coconuts above him chose to let go.

"One hit me on the shoulder," he fumed, "one made a little circle around me, and the third conked me dead center on the head. It's lucky I had my helmet on."

—Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Former Valet to Hollywood Stars Greets Them at Middle East Air Base

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST—"Hi, Budd, how's everything?" said Fredric March to Cpl. Ralph C. Budd of Hollywood, Calif., as the actor arrived here recently.

Budd, a former valet to Fred Astaire and the Alexander Kordas (Lady Korda is Merle Oberon), has run into several stars he knows since he was shipped to the Middle East.

The GI's job is to serve as charge of quarters of a penthouse reception room at an airfield here, where the commander of the USAFIME theater welcomes notables of the political, military and entertainment world coming through.

Budd says he doesn't mind seeing old friends like March, Nelson Eddy, Jack Benny, Lt. Bruce Cabot and Luise Rainer, but he'd gladly trade the Pyramids for a quick glimpse of Hollywood Boulevard right now.

—Cpl. SAM D. MELSON
YANK Field Correspondent

Nothing Like a Little Surprise To Break the New Guinea Monotony

SAIDOR, NEW GUINEA—An Ordnance mechanic's life is supposed to be pretty dull, and generally it is. But three ordnancemen in the American force here have made the discovery that sometimes it isn't.

Sgt. Emil Raninen of Detroit, Mich., who holds the Silver Star for gallantry at Buna, was exploring the area near his jungle hammock, in company with Cpl. Eugene Weinard of West Bend, Wis. They found a dugout cleverly hidden beneath a huge log.

"That was used by the Japs all right," said Raninen. "It would take a good hit to blast a guy out of there."

Next morning they brought S/Sgt. Charles Allhands of Madison, Wis., to see the dugout. Peeking into the hole, Weinard suddenly noticed some rags that hadn't been there the day before.

Allhands crawled down into the hole to investigate. The rags, he discovered, were the remains of an American shelter half.

"I started to pull it out," he said later, "and the whole thing came alive. I scrambled back out, scared as hell, and then we could hear jabbering from beneath the shelter half."

The men drew their guns and waited. Out crawled a miserable, half-starved Jap, without an ounce of fight left in him.

They took the straggler prisoner and proudly escorted him back through their camp to headquarters.

Now Raninen, Weinard and Allhands are trying to decide who gets the prized souvenir, an official receipt for one Jap prisoner. Meanwhile the dull routine of keeping the trucks rolling goes steadily on.

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover

THESE soldiers on the beach of Eniwetok Island in the Marshalls had just been landed and were awaiting the order to attack when they were photographed by YANK'S Sgt. John Bushemi. A little while later these men moved ahead. Among those who fell, mortally wounded, was Sgt. John Bushemi.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Sgt. John A. Bushemi. 5—Sgt. John Frano. 6—USMC. 7—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 11—USAAF. 12 & 13—Sgt. George Aarons. 14—INP. 18—Upper left, Camp Beale, Calif.; upper right, CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans.; center left, Signal Corps, Camp Croft, S. C.; center right, AAFTC, Lowry Field, Colo.; lower left, Camp Adair, Oreg.; lower center, INP; lower right, AAFTC, Moore Field, Tex. 19—Upper, Camp Callan, Calif.; center, Acme; lower, AAFTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. 20—Hal McAlpin. 23—Upper, PA; lower, INP.

"Woodman, Spare That Tree": New Version From the Fifth Army

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—On a tree in Naples, Cpl. Clyde L. Hardin of a Field Artillery outfit found the name and address of Pvt. Judy Brooks of the WAC, carved in deeply by some earlier passer-by.

Like any sensible GI, Hardin jotted it down and wrote her a letter. Judy answered from her station in the States, and the correspondence is hot and heavy now.

Since he found her address, Hardin has moved on with his outfit from Naples into the front lines on the road to Rome. Judy, in turn, has moved from private to sergeant.

—YANK Field Correspondent

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PUERTO RICAN SOLDIER

Pvt. Fulano de Tal, the typical GI, is proud of his island, fights well and likes rice, beans and the rumba.

By Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—As Jerry machine guns raked the exposed American infantrymen on the Oran hillside, Pvt. Anibal Irizarry sized up the outfit's position. There was only one way to halt that fire. The Puerto Rican soldier worked his way forward until he was almost on top of the gun, silenced it and killed the entire crew with his BAR. As he fired his last burst, Irizarry was seriously wounded by another enemy machine gun.

For that action, and for capturing eight prisoners and wiping out another machine gun with a grenade at 20 yards, also during the North African campaign, the Puerto Rican GI came home from the wars with the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart.

Many other Puerto Ricans have distinguished themselves in battle. It was at Guadalcanal that Col. Pedro del Valle of the Marines, an Artillery commander, pinned on the star of a brigadier general. 1st Lt. Jesus Maldonado, from his bombardier's seat, scored a direct hit on a Jap cruiser, shot down one Zero and survived two crash landings in the Southwest Pacific.

Another bombardier, 1st Lt. Manuel Vicente, was wounded by ack-ack on a bombing run in the African campaign, but he released his bombs anyway on the assigned targets. In a hospital in Sicily, Ernie Pyle met two Puerto Rican GIs, both wounded. One of them, Pyle wrote, still carried his guitar and strummed on it lightly as he lay on his stretcher.

More than 80 Puerto Ricans have been killed or wounded in action, no small casualty list for an island only 35 by 100 miles in size, especially when you remember that no Puerto Rican outfits, as such, have been officially reported at a fighting front. Men like Irizarry, del Valle and Vicente went into action with U. S. units.

Wartime service for the Puerto Rican outfits has been limited so far to manning guns, lights, listening devices and posts on Puerto Rico itself, in the Panama jungles, on Trinidad, Cuba, the Virgin Islands and Jamaica.

If he is stationed anywhere in the Caribbean, on his own home island or at any other base, the Puerto Rican soldier draws 20 percent extra. But when he is sent overseas to the States to attend OCS or for a tour of duty there, he gets just regular base pay.

The biggest, oldest and best-trained Puerto Rican units, whose organizations date from their part in the last war, include the 65th, the 295th and the 296th Infantry Regiments. They are composed mostly of volunteers, and they are spoiling for a fight. But except for U-boat attacks on shipping, and the shelling of Aruba and Mona Islands, in the early days of the war, the Caribbean has been pretty quiet.

In those early days, the war made its mark on Puerto Rico and her people. Blackouts came often and lasted long. The island was heavily garrisoned and fortified. U-boat successes kept the people hungry; butter, potatoes, milk powder, meat, eggs, even rice and beans were unavailable. Because of shipping shortages, the island could not export its sugar and rum products, its fruits, tobacco and coffee. Economic dislocation was widespread, and still is.

But the people took it. They showed their confidence and their sense of humor by the patriotic names they gave to their businesses: *Restaurant El Segundo Frente* (Second Front Restaurant), *Bar El Union de Todos* (Bar of the Brotherhood of Man), *Colmado de los Aliados* (Allies' Grocery Store), *El Victory Bar, Laundry El Buen Soldado* (Good Soldier Laundry).

And Pvt. Fulano de Tal, Puerto Rico's Pvt. John Doe, is a good soldier. He usually stands two or three inches shorter than his *americano* brother. He is stocky, high-cheeked, muscular, bronzed and hardened by training in the tropical sun. He's a crack shot and handy with the bayonet. He knows his jungle warfare.

Like John Doe, Fulano may have enlisted in the Army—until volunteers were no longer accepted, the island's recruiting offices were thronged with men from the canefields, the coffee and tobacco plantations and the cities who wanted to join up—or he may have been inducted by *El Tio Sam* (Uncle Sam). A working knowledge of the English language is required of each recruit, but he is issued a War Department sex-hygiene pamphlet in Spanish, translated by the San Juan Optimist Club.

Fulano loves his rice and beans, and to the great unhappiness of any *soldado americano* who may mess with him, he eats these staples once or twice a day. He also loves to sing and dance, mostly rumba. One Saturday night, when a mild earthquake shook the Camp Tortuguero Service Club and put out the lights, the music went right on and the dancers continued their rumba without breaking step. Fulano has been known to draw company punishment for doing the rumba during close-order drill. He takes his guitar on dates, and likes to sing *"Juan"* and *"Mujer de Juan"* ("Juan's Woman") the way GIs in the States sing "Pistol Packin' Mama."

The Puerto Rican GI has a real sense of humor but, like all Latins, is proud and touchy about his *honra* (honor) and the *honra* of his beloved island. His blood is of the Spanish *conquistadores*, of the ancient Boriquen Indians and of various European nationalities that have visited his island since its discovery by Columbus in 1493. Spanish is still the language of most Puerto Ricans. But Fulano is a citizen of the U. S. by act of Congress, like all his people, and elects his own legislature. Since the Spanish-American war, Puerto Rico has been a territory of the U. S., and her governor is appointed by the President, but a bill now pending will give Fulano and his people the right to elect their own governor.

Fulano respects American efficiency, education and high standard of living, and he has a hankering to see the States after the war is over, just as the average *soldado americano* down here plans to pay a return visit to *La Isla del Encanto* (the Isle of Enchantment) some day.

"Que pasa?" This much Spanish every *soldado americano* knows. It means "What's cooking?" The answer is that besides a war cooking, besides a Caribbean sea frontier cooked to a well-gunned turn, Fulano is himself cooking. He and his island have grown in maturity and stature by playing their part in this war, by their sacrifices in discomfort, hunger and blood.

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MENTAL BREAKDOWNS IN THE ARMY

What causes psychoneurosis at the front lines? Usually it does not develop in men who have a clear idea of the necessity for the war and understand why they had to get into a GI uniform and do the fighting.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

AT mid-afternoon three men came down the trail.

Two of them trembled so it was barely noticeable, but the third held his elbows close to his sides and moved his hands up and down in a rhythmical motion.

The three, with a stretcher party behind them and another in front, went down through the jungle to the water's edge where the Engineers had built a rough landing.

An outboard-motorboat chugged up to the landing and discharged some undirtied, unbeardied men who had been wounded slightly or who had had malaria a few weeks before and now were on their way back to join their outfit, 400 yards away, where the Japs were dug in.

As the litter cases were being loaded the two groups—the fresh and the exhausted—got together.

"How is it up there?" asked the clean ones.

"It's murder," replied one of the three.

"What do you mean, murder?"

"Japs. Twenty feet away. We were going to attack and 10 minutes before the jump-off they raised up 20 feet in front of us. We didn't know they were there. It was murder."

The man with the hands in motion looked down at them and said apologetically, "I can't stop them."

An 81-mm mortar squad that had been quiet suddenly went into action 50 yards away. At the sound of the increment charge, a sharp hollow explosion, the other two men jumped violently and crouched among the mangrove roots while the fresh men watched them in embarrassment.

"Take it easy, boys," said the unbearded ones.

While the motorboat was being loaded, a captain came up and took over the fresh infantrymen. He looked at the men who were getting into the boat and shook his head: "I don't understand it. There go three of the most rugged men I've ever had in the company. Now look at them. I don't understand it."

UNDERSTANDABLE to the captain or not, his men were casualties as real and as actual as the stretcher cases whose blood seeped through battle compresses slapped over shrapnel and bullet wounds. His three good men were "bomb happy," or, in plain fact, the victims of nervous breakdowns. They were psychoneurotic cases.

From 10 to 20 percent of all casualties developing in combat are nervous breakdowns of one kind or another, and of these about 90 percent come under the heading of psychoneurosis. When recognized and treated properly, from 40 to 60 percent of all the breakdowns are successfully adjusted and the casualties returned to duty.

It is possible for anybody to have a nervous breakdown, according to specialists in the Neuropsychiatric Division of the Surgeon General's Office. Literally thousands of factors in the individual soldier's life may contribute to his ultimate mental illness, and it is certainly true that some men crack for less reason than others; but any normal soldier, under the terrific physical and mental strain of war, can reach his limit. This is true, not because Americans are mental weaklings, but because the healthiest man alive, if weakened to a certain point and exposed to disease, will get sick.

Psychoneurosis is a nervous or emotional disorder that amounts to an abnormal manner of coping with a situation. It is purely an involuntary means of solving a conflict.

To understand its mechanics it should be realized that fear is the core of neurosis. It is true that not every man who suffers a breakdown has actually scared himself into becoming ill, nor is the genuine psychoneurotic case either a coward or a goldbrick. But fear, or the fear of fear, is always present.

THAT psychoneurosis is the utilization of abnormal ways of coping with resistance is illustrated in the case of Cpl. Jones.

Cpl. Jones has been picked to lead a patrol on reconnaissance. He and his men have to cross an area that is being subjected to heavy artillery. Over and above that, he has been in the line 28 days and is physically worn to a frazzle. He has already been under enough artillery to last him a lifetime, and now he has to face this artillery. Remembering some of the close ones before, he is really and thoroughly scared.

He has two normal alternatives: 1) He can go through the artillery, scared as he is, and accomplish his mission, or 2) he can say the hell with it, I'm not going. He can do it or run away from it. Either would be a normal reaction, revealing Cpl. Jones to be a very brave guy or a coward.

It happens he is not a coward. The last thing in the world he wants hung on him is cowardice. He starts a personal war within himself, his conscience on one side and his instinct for self-preservation on the other. What the hell, if I go out there I'll get blown to hell; if I don't go out there I'm yellow and the outfit will know it. His physical fatigue carries a lot of weight in the argument. The tug-of-war in his mind gets worse and worse.

Then something greater than Cpl. Jones' will power gets hold of him. He starts trembling so badly he can't hold his rifle. He doesn't want to shake but he does, and that solves his problem. Involuntarily he becomes physically incapable of holding his rifle—and he can't go on patrol.

That "something greater than his will power" has taken over in his mind and made him a psychoneurotic casualty, anxiety type. Properly treated he'll be okay in a few days—when he's had some hot chow, a few good nights of sleep and a chance to get his trouble off his chest. With these things he may be able to regain his self-control, which he so completely lost under stress.

In combat a man runs into things which he probably never would experience in civilian life. But, while there are different factors involved, the fundamental causes of nervous breakdown in war are the same as in peace—essentially the same but highly intensified. For this reason there is actually no such thing as "war neurosis," any more than there is "war malaria" or "war pneumonia."

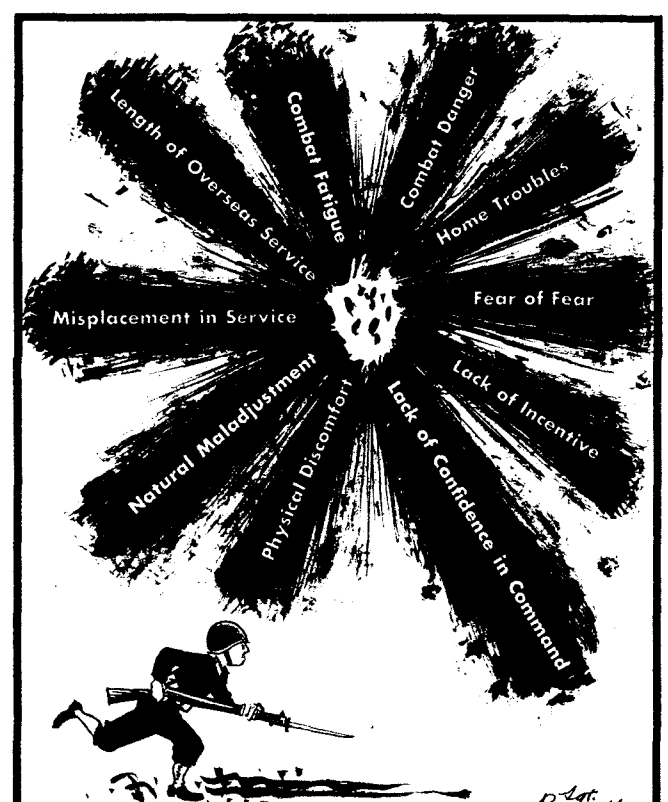
If a civilian went hungry for 10 days, had to sleep in the rain without shelter and had no chance to change his wet clothes, he'd more than likely get pneumonia.

If our civilian got involved in a riot, was beaten over the head with a piece of gas pipe, saw a friend have an eye torn away by a flying brickbat and experienced the horror of being barely missed by a burst of pistol shots, he might develop a case of the screaming mimis that would incapacitate him for a while. On the other hand, another man in the same melee might laugh it off and sleep like a baby that night.

Comparable situations are found in combat—to a much greater degree—and similar reactions among individuals are experienced. In either case the man who is emotionally disturbed becomes a victim of psychoneurosis.

THE most common neurosis in combat is the anxiety type. Its symptoms are numerous and most of them are the symptoms of fear (or anger). But the main point is that in anxiety neurosis the casualty shows an inappropriate fear. An ordinary man may jump at the sound of an exploding shell, which is dangerous, but the neurotic may jump at the sound of a glass dropping on the floor, which isn't dangerous.

Under certain conditions of mental strain the normal person becomes jumpy. This would indicate that everybody is neurotic.



The causes of psychoneurosis won't bother you if you realize why you have to endure such hardships.

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vt. Denny does nothing to help himself. In the back of his mind something keeps yelling at him: What the hell are you doing here? Why isn't somebody else here? Why you?" Which doesn't help.

which is true to a certain extent. But everybody is not neurotic to the extent that he exhibits such symptoms in combination as extreme jumpiness, tenseness, trembling, hot and cold sweats, insomnia, loss of appetite, indigestion, diarrhea, frequent urination, rapid heartbeat and shortness of breath. The casualty may have become very irritable, he may worry too much, may be in a state of confusion, may have difficulty in concentrating, may have nightmares, may lose interest in everything going on around him.

THE soldier suffering from anxiety neurosis may have any or all of these symptoms, and the soldier who is trying to goldbrick may be able to fake quite a few of them. It is the job of the medical officer, the psychiatrist, to evaluate the symptoms and determine their genuineness. It is possible that medical officers may confuse genuine neurosis with malingering. The distinction, as described in a medical circular, is this:

Malingering is the conscious, deliberate exaggeration or pretense of an illness for the purpose of escaping duty. Psychoneurosis is an actual illness. By definition, a malingerer lies about his symptoms. A person with psychoneurosis either tells the truth or what he firmly believes is the truth. It may be true that neither wants to return to duty, but the malingerer is aware that he could go back if he chose; whereas, a person with psychoneurosis either is actually unable to return to duty or sincerely believes so.

The malingerer posing before a psychiatrist as a nervous-breakdown case will almost invariably meet with an unpleasant surprise. It is difficult to escape detection for the simple reason that a man cannot fake the dilation of the pupils of his eyes. This dilation, which can't be faked, accompanies the symptom of extreme jumpiness, which sometimes can.

THERE is a second type of psychoneurosis, known as the hysteria type. This is not to be confused with the hysteria of a screaming woman. It is a neurosis that causes a physical part of the body to quit functioning although there is nothing organically wrong with that part of the body.

The hysteria neurotic may become suddenly blind, he may lose his memory, become deaf, lose his voice, be paralyzed in his arm or leg. Medical examination would reveal nothing physically wrong with a paralyzed leg; the trouble is in the casualty's mind. Disciplinary action, abuse or sympathy would have no effect. Psychiatric treatment would probably restore the use of his leg or his sight or his voice within a few days, because the condition is usually temporary. In some instances the man may recover by himself when the immediate stress is over, as in the case of one soldier who could not speak while enemy planes were overhead but whose voice always came back a few hours after a raid was over.

While these dramatic hysteria reactions were common in the last war, they are comparatively rare this time.

Also under the heading of hysteria, and more prevalent than the others, are reactions of stupor, repeated dodging and avoiding movement and the rhythmical reflex tremors such as were manifested by the rugged soldier who couldn't stop his hands trembling in the jungles.

IT IS true that there are soldiers who are predisposed to nervous breakdowns in combat. There may be underlying causes, having nothing to do with military life, which may gang up on a man and eventually cause him to blow his top. On the other hand, there are soldiers who have lived normal lives and have made the adjustments from civilian to soldier and from untested soldier to battle-tried veteran; yet, through some precipitating cause or causes, they break down.

A precipitating cause is anything that amounts to the proverbial straw that collapsed the camel. When a man's level of tolerance may be reached, one more shell coming in or one more grenade tossed may topple him over as a neurotic casualty. His nervous system, which has been taking things in stride, may be thrown off by "just one thing too many." Contrary to the laws of fiction writing, it has been found in one area that the veteran soldier cracks more often by comparison than does the green replacement who hasn't yet seen much action.

The level of tolerance varies in each individual.

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In men predisposed to neurosis it is low. In the average guy it is higher, depending on his strength of character, his belief in what he is doing, his pride, his ability to adjust himself to unorthodox situations and a number of other things that combine to make up his personality.

To get a graphic picture of the struggle for mental normalcy in combat, imagine a man within a circle. Around the circle forces are closing in, representing the trials to which his nervous system is subjected. If his nervous system is strong he may be able to ward off these forces, and as long as he is stronger than the forces against him he's in good shape. He may get new strength from the effects of such things as a hot meal or a letter from home or the fact that at 400 yards he knocked a Jerry's helmet off. Or a letter from home may take his strength away, as in a case like this:

Pfc. Howard has fought through the Sicilian campaign and won the Silver Star for knocking out a mortar position. He has seen a buddy killed beside him, but it hasn't bothered him more than the sudden death of a close friend would bother anybody. When he arrives in Italy he is a little worn down; everybody in the outfit is worn down, Pfc. Howard no more than any of the rest.

By the time they reach the Volturno, he and his outfit have undergone a period of physical exhaustion. They've been through constantly lousy weather, they've eaten cold C rations and they've been under rugged artillery and mortar fire. Still, Pfc. Howard can take it.

One day he gets a letter from his girl who says she's terribly sorry to have to tell him but she's met another boy. She hopes he'll understand how it is, because she has become engaged to this other guy; she knows this is sudden, but they can still be good friends, and she wants him to be sure and look her up when he gets home.

Several hours later Pfc. Howard, a perfectly normal soldier of the line, gets caught under a mortar barrage for the seventeenth time since he entered combat. This time Pfc. Howard blows his top.

The straw that breaks him is the letter. But there are other factors. Under different circumstances he might have got mad as hell, gone out and drunk himself silly, flattened a bothersome corporal or done whatever he felt like doing to get the thing off his chest. But now, under fire, he can do nothing but lie there and take it. He is already too exhausted mentally and physically to combat this new, and unexpected, force working against him. It's too much for him.

Pfc. Howard's level of tolerance has been reached and passed, but he can be classified neither as a coward, a goldbrick nor a lunatic. He's an ordinary guy who, temporarily, couldn't swallow such a big dose of spirit-crusher. A certain amount of correct treatment and Pfc. Howard will be able to go back and fight again—when he has recovered his balance and built up his powers of emotional resistance.

There are other men who, for reasons having nothing to do with the Army, might never be able to go through as much as Howard did before finally breaking down. These are the men who are predisposed to neurosis, who might conceivably have lost control eventually in the normal existence of a civilian.

Take Sgt. Wilson, a company clerk. When he was 8 his parents were divorced. Being shy he is a little slow on dates with the girls; he's a fellow who doesn't like team sports such as football or basketball but who is good at golf and tennis. In school he makes good grades, but before a big exam he may develop a stomach ache.

Out of school he gets a job and does well. Then he is drafted.

At induction the psychiatrist who screens him finds out some of these things but passes him after slight hesitation because of Wilson's sincere desire to get into uniform. Wilson is sure the Army will make a man of him. (And it might have if he had stayed in garrison.)

In the beginning he has very little trouble, except that at first he finds it difficult to sleep. Because his feelings are easily hurt he lives hard under his drill sergeant in basic.

Finally, because of his education, he is put in an outfit as company clerk. Except for an occasional headache he feels fine. He gets a headache before an inspection of records or while sweating out a blind date in town.

His outfit goes over, and the closer they get to combat the more apprehensive Sgt. Wilson becomes. His hands tremble more than they should and he gets diarrhea. He recognizes that he is a little frightened, but he refuses to admit it even to himself.

When his outfit goes into combat, the headquarters outfit gets caught in some mild artillery and a little long-range machine-gun fire which, though not too rugged, is a "baptism of fire." Wilson withstands it very well and is immensely relieved. He was afraid of being afraid; now he feels much better about the whole thing.

Then, next day, Stukas find his bivouac. They carry out an intensive bombing, with sirens on the planes and screamers on the bombs. The noise is horrible and the bombs fall right in his pocket. In half an hour he's had all he can take. He may have to be sent back to the States.

The lack of a moral incentive and the refusal of a man to accept a situation can cause him to crack. Look at Pvt. Denny.

Denny can't figure out why he is in the Army, much less why he is overseas. He thinks the other guys should have gone, but not he. He has a brother in a war plant making good money, and he can't see why one brother should be living at home and making nothing but money out of the war while the other is sweating it out in New Guinea. When the Japs pull a sneak raid one night and bomb his area, he is not as much irked at the Japs as he is at the Marines across the river, who didn't have a close hit during the whole raid.

Finally a sniper pins him for about three hours. During this time Denny realizes that he's in a tough spot, and he gets mad at the whole outfit, collectively and individually, for not coming up to help him out. He gets mad at his brother, wishes to hell his brother was here having this Jap bastard take pot shots at him. Denny is too scared to try to knock off the sniper himself; in fact he has every right to be scared, because to raise his head might mean being hit.

Completely frustrated, Pvt. Denny does nothing to help himself. In the back of his mind something keeps yelling at him: "What the hell are you doing here? Why isn't somebody else here? Why you?" Which doesn't help matters. After about two hours of mental squirming to get out of a physical situation, Denny loses his self-control. He can't figure the thing out for himself, so it passes out of his hands. Involuntarily he has put himself in even greater danger because he has lost the power to exercise full control over himself. When the sniper is finally knocked down, Denny's buddies have to lead him back to battalion aid.

A man may recognize the importance of being in the Army, and of being overseas. He may recognize the necessity of his being in the Infantry or in the Artillery. But he may not be satisfied with his individual job, and if he is passionately dissatisfied with it he may easily weaken to the point where breakdown will come easily.

T-4s George and Joe are in the same outfit. George was a cook in civilian life; he loves to cook but winds up in an antiaircraft outfit as an instrument man. Joe, on the other hand, wants to be on a gun crew, but he's a cook who would rather be in hell with his back broke. Joe and George know about each other, and they both brood about their plight.

After a particularly heavy firing run, during which George thought the noise of the gun would drive him nuts, a detail brings up the chow. The chow has been bad lately, but this time it's the lousiest yet. George decided a long time ago that even Spam and vegetable hash could be made to taste good if a cook knew how, and George knows 10 ways to stew up something better than this slop. He sits there looking at the stuff and letting the situation build up in his mind—the bad food that could be good, the cook who wants to be a gunner, the goddam gun, the planes at night, the constant hammering of the goddam gun, the lousy chow. Finally something explodes inside him. He dumps the mess kit to the ground, walks over to his tent and gets in his bunk.

Three hours later when the battery gets another condition red, George doesn't respond. A bomb hits 50 feet away and still he doesn't stir out of his sack. He doesn't stir at all until the medics take him away next day.

In the meantime, Joe has received about 40 gripes from the battery about the food. He gets the idea he hasn't a friend left in the outfit, which is temporarily true. He broods about that and about the fact that George is on the gun while he, Joe, has to rattle pots and pans. That night a formation of bombers comes in, and, while the whole battery fires, the Japs let fly a cluster of daisy cutters that drops Joe's tent over his foxhole and covers him. They pull him out, bomb happy.

The stories of Howard, Wilson, Denny, and George and Joe are hypothetical cases that represent four of the fundamental causes for psychoneurosis in combat.

How many of these men could have avoided the underlying and precipitating causes of their breakdowns would be difficult to determine. For instance, take Sgt. Wilson, the company clerk, who was predisposed to neurosis through a string of circumstances covering most of his life. He could hardly go back and live his life over again to make the necessary corrections. But he could have recognized in himself as a soldier the weaknesses that might predispose him to break down in combat; and learning about himself he could have learned in turn how to compensate for those weaknesses. His key mistake was his refusal to admit that he was afraid. Since he was shy and sensitive, it might have relieved the pressure for him to learn that a few more people in his outfit were as frightened as he.

The man who recognizes fear (and almost every soldier experiences it in combat) can often make it work in his favor—because fear is energy. Like anger, fear shifts the body into high. If it is allowed to back up in a man, unspoken and unaired in any way, it can form a clot and create an obstacle to normal action that may easily cause disaster. If the soldier who experiences fear can talk it over with his buddies—kick it around in conversation at the right time—he can at least get it off his chest.

If, in combat, he can concentrate on what he is doing rather than on the emotions, he feels he has come a long way in overcoming fear, even though he may realize later that he was scared silly. Having a job to do, and doing it with everything that's in him, is the soldier's best protection against blowing his top.

Because fear of the unknown is the worst of all, since imagination distorts it out of all proportion, the soldier who understands what he's up against, and who recognizes it for what it is, is better off than the man who lets his imagination, working on half-truths, run away with him. In one Pacific campaign, Jap snipers terrorized troops without inflicting unduly heavy casualties. Before the campaign ended soldiers and marines regarded the sniper with something that approached scorn. They had learned that, weakened by hunger and sleepless nights, the ordinary Jap couldn't shoot straight.

Since fear plays a part in neurosis and since many of the symptoms of neurosis are also those of fear, the soldier who learns about it and who does all he can to deflect it has come a long way in insuring himself against a mental mix-up. But, obviously, there are factors other than fear involved. There are thousands of them, and in the final analysis they center about the business of being a soldier fighting, or working, a war in which many things are distasteful, foreign, and physically and mentally exhausting.

Some of the situations encountered can be altered by a man's initiative and his ability to "get used to anything." Other situations can't. Few men ever really "get used to" being shot at, as in Pvt. Denny's case, although some men accept it much more calmly than others. The man huddled in a foxhole for a night on outpost can't blaze away at every noise in order to give his fear a physical release; neither can the truck driver sprawled in a ditch get up and throw rocks at planes that are sizzling in to strafe the road. The man who hustles clover leaves of ammo up to a mortar squad can't ordinarily swap his drudgery for an office job. There are forces, mental and physical, that can be combatted in only one way:

By the moral fortitude that is built up by the soldier's belief in what he is doing.

The man who knows best why this war is being fought and why he himself is fighting it is the man who will have the inner strength to counter almost any strain.

Psychoneurosis, being an emotional disorder, is probably the only affliction that can be avoided by the normal man at least partly through the strength of an ideal.

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First Mission

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—Somebody ought to write a story about a briefing room, with the lights going on and off and the experts stepping up one by one to give you the dope on the mission. The lights go off and the maps appear on the screen. The voices go on. Here is the weather, here is the formation, this is where your plane will be. Nobody says much. The job is set, is definite. You even know the figures on the antiaircraft that will be down below blowing up those black puff-balls of hot iron at you. And here is your mission —Saint-Nazaire, the myth, the Paul Bunyan place where you're supposed to be able to walk across the flak. Saint-Nazaire is where you're bound for today.

And today the sun is spread everywhere over the English countryside as you go down the road to the line and break down your guns. Rub that oil off, for the stuff will freeze in the guns at altitude. Check oxygen, radio, bomb fuses; check a thousand damn things and still you haven't checked them all. Around you are the boys on your crew, Clanton and Petro and Lt. Brady, the pilot: the men who will go with you through the living myth of Saint-Nazaire. Time runs and take-off time will not wait, for the timing is spread through a dozen airfields, and up in the sky over England the armada will form. Take-off time waits for no man. Gangwer, the ball-turret operator, can't find his flying boots and electrically heated shoes. To hell with them.

You're in the radio room—"Saul's bird cage," somebody names it. Please, buddy, remember your signals for enemy aircraft or in case that old devil sea gets you on the way back. Remember to turn on the detonator so, just in case you land in Jerry's Europe, the secret equipment will be blown to hell. Remember this, remember that.

And that's all you have to do as you climb up there and circle and circle in the sun, sweating out that bombing run—your very first real mission. Back in the waist Clanton and Petro, the waist gunners, are leaning out of the open hatches, checking the formation. You smoke cigarette after cigarette because after altitude you won't be able to smoke any. The signals are beating through the static into your headset.

Now the water down below. Good-bye England. Over the interphone the navigator says, "An hour and a half to the target." Now you go to your gun and swing her through her circle. "How about test firing?" asks the ball turret. "OK," says the pilot. The caliber .50s sing through the air. Petro, the gun expert at the waist, asks through the interphone about all guns. "All guns OK." Down in the ball, that lonely ball turret below the belly, Gangwer's feet are beginning to get cold. The cold is knifing through the metal, and an electric suit doesn't quite do the trick for the toes and fingertips.

You are at altitude now, and soon there is France below. The enemy is down there in his Fortress Europe, and his Saint-Nazaire submarine-building plant is buried under 14-foot roofs. But maybe your bombs can rip up some of the works. You swing your gun through her circle.

You are over Saint-Nazaire. The planes go in one by one. Don't ask what you think about because you don't think. You just stretch taut. The bomb doors go down. There are minutes now, maybe seconds. There's an uprush of cold air that cuts your ears and fingers into little pieces, and with one dead finger—by God, you did remember it—you press the camera button. Hold it for two minutes. And now the bomb doors close. You get a glimpse of innocent-looking puffs of smoke. There's a sharp crack like a pistol shot somewhere in the ship; it seems up forward.

Over the interphone: "Let's get away from here in a hurry." That's Lt. Hamilton, the bombardier from Kansas, speaking from the nose.

You are riding away from France now. And eastward there's a line of smoke climbing into the sky. You open the radio-room door to the bomb bay, and there is one flak hole. Just one. You look around to find more. That single piece of hot iron ripped through the bay and went somewhere. But just where? Clanton comes up and points, and you follow his finger around to where that little hunk of iron went—in the wall a foot from your head.

The coast of France and that line of smoke seem to hang on to us, won't let go. Why aren't you moving? Can't you get out of here? The interphone is silent for a minute. You suppose everybody is holding his little hunk of life in his hands and looking it over tenderly. And that damn coast of France and that smoke hanging on.

A voice out of the cockpit: "Is everybody OK?"

Gangwer from the ball turret: "My feet are frozen. I can't take this much longer."

"Just a little longer," says the pilot.

"How much longer on oxygen?" asks Blum, the engineer.

"Just a little longer," says the pilot.

"My oxygen line is screwed up," says Blum.

"We're descending gradually," says the pilot.

"We should be seeing fighters just about here," says Lt. Crosby, the navigator.

"I've got to get out of here," says Gangwer. "My feet are gone."

Petro, the waist gunner, steps up and opens the ball turret. Clanton comes over, too. They lift Gangwer out and lay him out in the waist.

Just what do you do for frostbite? You forget. Your mind isn't very good at 20,000 feet; it's kind of slow and frozen. Frostbite, and you're the first-aid man: that's the radioman's job. What did they tell you about frostbite? Your mom used to take your shoes off when you were a kid and rub your feet until they were warm and stinging. You pull off Gangwer's shoes and wrap his feet in blankets. Under his oxygen mask his eyes are yelling at you to do something.

"Fighters at 3 o'clock level," says the co-pilot.

Petro is now in the turret, and you and Clanton are at the waist guns. You see them sweep wide and around to the rear. "Eighteen of them," says McCusker, the tail gunner. Your guns circle, waiting. The fighters hang back of us. One of your ships falls back; maybe flak in an engine, maybe this, maybe that.

Now we're below oxygen level. You rip the things off your face. You go up to the radio room, give Gangwer a cigarette. Life is back in his feet. His eyes are better. Signaling England now about enemy aircraft and no answer. The radio picks its own damn time to get coy.

The fighters disappear below the horizon, but one of your planes is going down. She lands smooth. The planes circle her like a flock of birds as she settles in the sea, with her crew tumbling efficiently into their dinghies. They go in right, just the way they've been told a thousand times in lectures about those dinghies and how to get into them, and all the radios are at work summoning help.

You're over England now. England, I love you. Everybody is chattering, including brother Frostbite, now that the big thing is over.

And that's all there is to your first mission, just that and no more.

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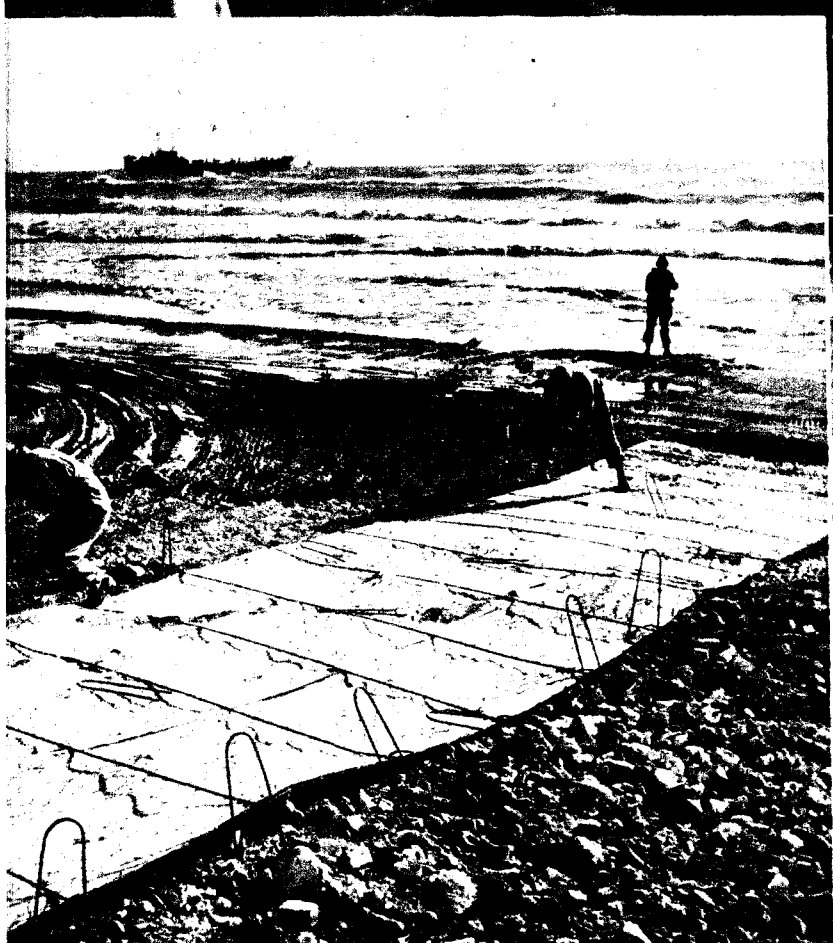
DON'T CRY, LITTLE KRAUT! THESE THREE PLUMP GERMANS WERE CARELESS; THEY GOT CAPTURED.



ENGINEERS LAY SAND MATS TO KEEP VEHICLES FROM BOGGING DOWN.

BILLETS IN A HAYSTACK: THESE SOLDIERS NEAR THE FRONT HAVE BURROWED CAVES INTO IT.

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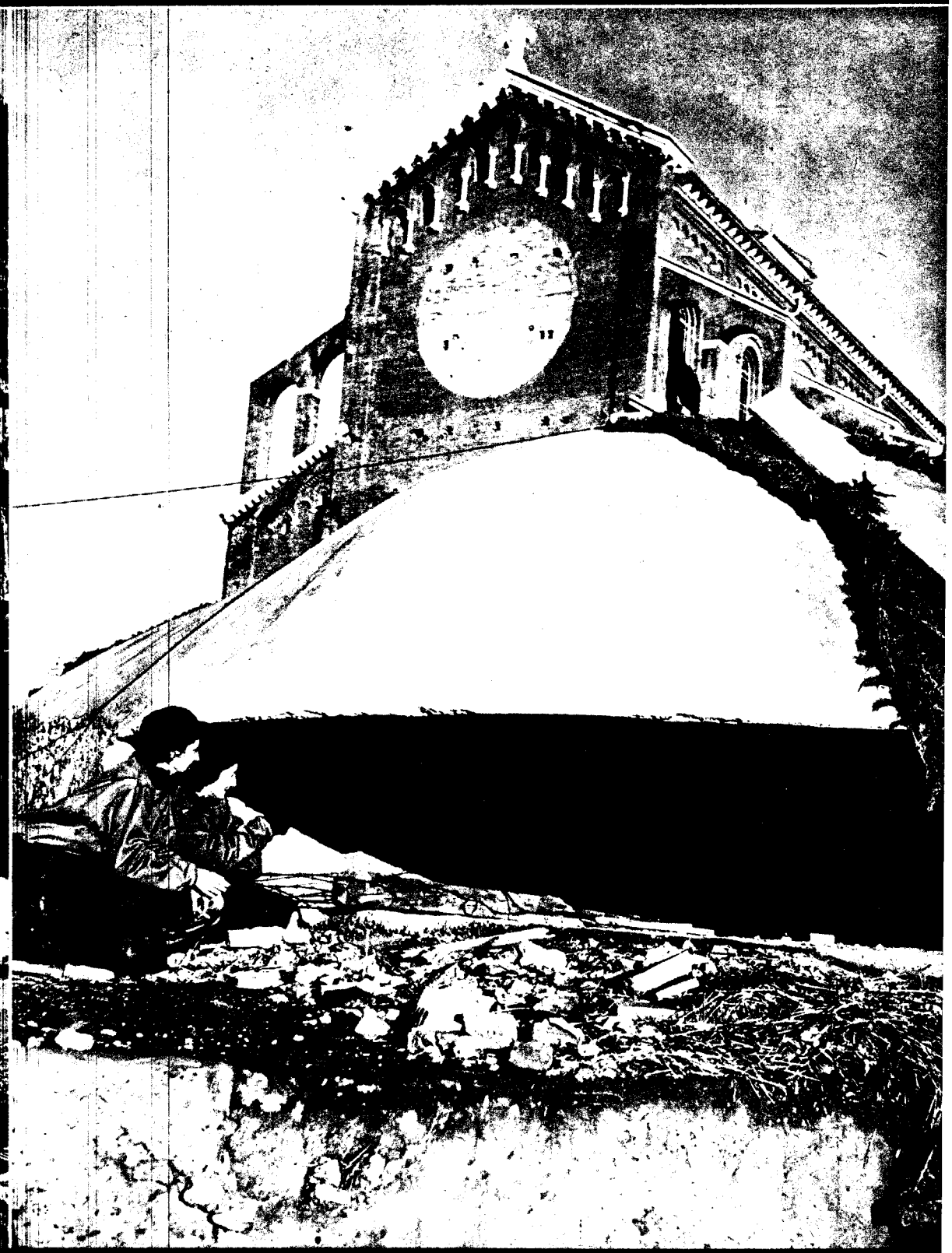
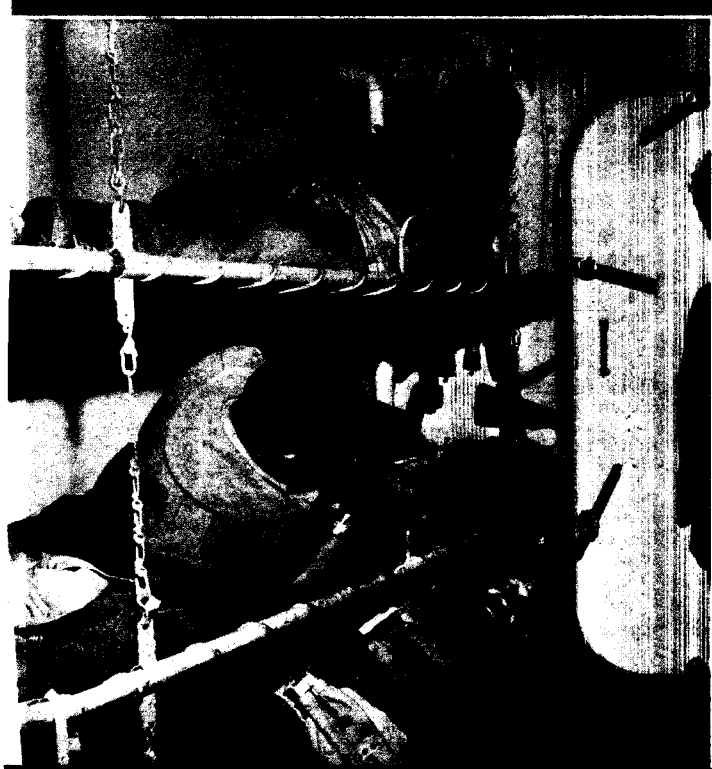
HE YANK'S SGT. GEORGE AARONS, SHOOTS SOME PICTURES.

LITTLE JOE WITH HIS GUARDIAN, T-5 JOE FILLIPPO AFTER HIS FATHER AND MOTHER WERE KILLED BY BOMBS HE WAS ADOPTED BY A YANK ARTILLERY OUTFIT



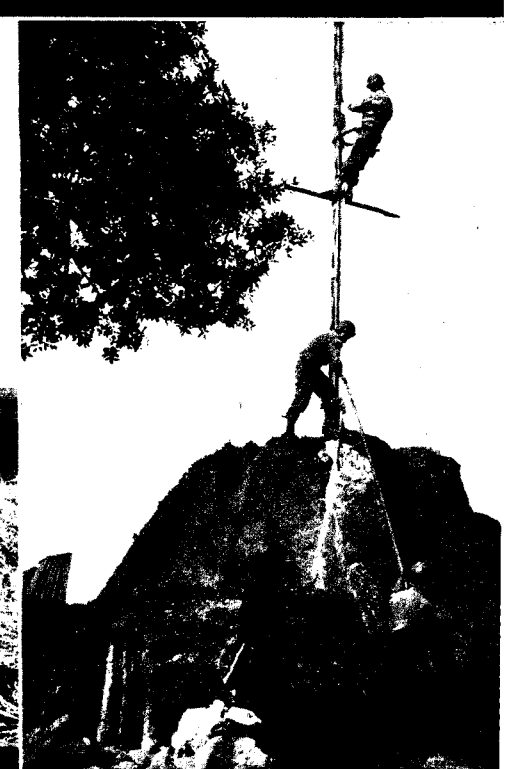
AN M-7 PRIEST IS LOADING UP TO BLAST THE ENEMY.

NURSES VICTORIA HANSEN (LEFT) AND CARRIE SHEETZ INSPECT A GERMAN PILLBOX. IT NEVER FIRED.



THREE YANKS SWAPPING JOKES EN ROUTE TO ANZIO

A TANK DESTROYER ON THE ALERT, CAMOUFLAGED WITH HAY.



SIGNAL CORPS MEN ELEVATING A CABLE.

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MAIL CALL

Returning Veterans

Dear YANK:

In newspapers and magazines (YANK, too) I have read about overseas veterans receiving a long rest in a convalescent camp before being assigned to a permanent base. After reading such articles and comparing them to the manner in which a hundred and some men, including myself, were handled after being in Australia and New Guinea over 18 months I have my doubts. I returned to the United States on Aug. 24, 1943, disembarking at San Francisco and clearing through Fort McDowell, Angel Island, Calif. There we received a delay en route (20 days) instead of a well-deserved furlough. Most of us never had a furlough, and we live in the eastern part of the U. S. We were ordered to report to Santa Ana, Calif., upon expiration of 20 days plus one day of grace. This gave us only 12 days at home.

Upon reporting to the Santa Ana AAB we were handled and treated like a bunch of recruits or "captured civilians." Now, according to articles I have read, we were supposed to be sent to an airfield or base close to our home or home state. This proved to be very false. We were told that once we got in the Western Command we could never get out. The majority of us were placed in the desert areas. From jungle to desert! We may soon become eligible for Section Eight. Where is our rest? . . .

Most of us have malaria and have had several bouts with it. To top all this, we never received a physical exam upon our return—just one of those routine monthly exams in the early morning at 0300. No rest, no physical exam, no proper assignment or fair treatment. We are beginning to feel and believe that the U. S. A. is the most forgetful nation. Why isn't the Air Force prepared to receive and treat its veterans the right way?

Ajo Army Air Field, Ariz. —Pvt. JOHN G. HUTSKO*

*Also signed by Cpl. David H. Adams and Pvt. Charles R. Geer.

Dear YANK:

. . . Take a GI like yours truly. I got me a trip back after over 18 months of away from things and stuff. On return they nicely gave me the only furlough Uncle ever did hand me, and that includes a three-day pass. On return to my "Rehabilitation Center" I get ordered to a snafu division and tarfu battalion on maneuvers, no less. That's not bad, but to make things worse I'm that awful over-age they talk of, a stepchild not in the T/O or even called for by rank. Half of the gang with me they tried to bust on what seems to be general principles. My whole division is the same way with us alleged over-ages, who in most cases have more time overseas than this outfit has activation. I've spent about three months now not doing a damn thing. I see 'em using civilian help to teach the jobs I am supposed to be able to do. We were promised a pretty picture when we returned here. Not that we're not happy to be home, but why waste us? Let the others know that life here in the U. S. A. is punk compared to what it was. Most of the boys feel the way I do. You have a lot less "chicken" to contend with over thar.

Fort Bragg, N. C. —T/Sgt. S. C.

Dear YANK:

Being stationed in the U. S. A., I hate to make a complaint. Too long I've lived in Africa on C rations not to know how lucky a GI is being stationed here. When I came back from Africa, and German prisoners of war got staterooms and we guards had to sleep on tables, I didn't bitch; after all, ours is not to reason why. A month ago, when I took my wife to the only night club in town and left because there was an Italian prisoner of war with two American officers eyeing the gals, I didn't complain; maybe the Geneva Convention provided for that. But here's what I think gives me the right to gripe. Ours is a very small camp. The facilities for amusement are almost nonexistent, the nearest town affords less; consequently, although our theater is like a barn and presents movies only three times a week, we, when off duty, bring our wives out to the post theater. But when my wife and I have to fight for a seat with 200 Italian prisoners of war, I bitch, gentlemen.

Being a simple GI I don't know who's to blame—the commanding officer or the War Department. But this I do know: I believe in compulsory military training but unless we overhaul our Army and put some young blood at the top, I'll oppose conscription for my son, my cousin and every kid on every block.

Camp Clark, Mo. —Cpl. V. G.

Dear YANK:

If there ever was a miscarriage of justice, it sure was dealt out to the many men who came back to the States as replacements after spending three to four years in the tropics in Panama. We stayed down there a long time when America needed us so much. We kept the Canal filled with water, which was our main purpose. It was and probably is the most important piece of property Uncle Sam owns. We didn't see any action down there, but we sure were ready for it. Then, when we arrived in the States for reassignment, one would think we were lepers out of a leper colony by the way we were tossed from one outfit to another. They finally tossed us into an antiaircraft outfit that was nearly finished with their training and ready for overseas. Coming from an entirely different branch of service, we knew nothing about this branch. Having no knowledge of this kind of work, they told us that we would have to give up our ratings.

We did our best trying to get reclassified and assigned to our proper outfit, but failed. Men here have had from four to 20 years of service and today they are back where they started—privates. I think the XIII Corps deserves a salute for the justice they dealt out to these men. It sure makes a man want to fight harder when he knows that he will be properly rewarded. When it comes to dishing out justice, they are masters at it. If this is the reward for long and loyal service, then I must have been taught wrong and spent my time in the wrong schools.

Camp Butner, N. C. —Ex-Panamanian

Dear YANK:

Returning from furlough recently I had the great and thrilling experience of passing from the U. S. into a state with Jim Crow laws. As soon as we hit the state border all passengers were shuffled—whites in one car, Negroes in another. I saw Negro soldiers being told to stand up and move to another car—some of them veterans wearing starred ribbons. They're good enough to fight for our dear Southerners, but they can't ride in the same car.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —T-3 JAMES C. HETRICK

Dear YANK:

Some of us have noticed with disgust the conduct of some of the sick and wounded soldiers returning from overseas. They think they should be petted and pampered and fussed over. The practice is more so among men who have never heard a gun fire. These screwballs want everyone to jump at their request. They spill their guts in the wards to all nurses and medical men that will lend an ear to their bull, despite the instructions they receive upon arrival in the U. S. to keep their mouths shut. We give you credit, boys, but how about buttoning your traps up and acting like real soldiers when you get off that boat, instead of acting like a bunch of maniacs. You guys might just as well know now as further on down the line that if you think people should kneel before you and bow "Allah, Allah," then you are nuts. This letter isn't meant for all returning boys, just those punks who are acting like damn fools and yelling 4-F to every civilian in sight when they get off the boat.

Oliver General Hospital, Augusta, Ga. —M/Sgt. H. COPPLE

Oops

Dear YANK:

Sgt. Ralph Stein's excellent cartoons under the title "Souvenir Hunting" in a recent issue of YANK carry the following note: "The maniacs who used to drive the rest of the family crazy filling the closets with boxes of pine combs from Maine and cowboy hats from Yellowstone Park are still doing the same thing overseas." Tell me, are those pine combs the same as in ice cream?

Alaska —EDWIN D. PEACOCK, RM2c

Wacs Hit Back

Dear YANK:

After reading the letters of Sgt. Bob Bowie and Pvt. William Robinson [in a February issue] I think it is about time the Wacs had their say. Their stubborn, prejudiced attitude makes many of us wonder if it is really worth it all. . . . There are many heartbreaking stories behind many of our enlistees, stories that have not been published and will never be known, and there is a wealth of patriotism and sincere motives to be found in these girls.

Fort Crook, Nebr. —Pvt. CAROL J. SWAN

Dear YANK:

. . . After reading Sgt. Bowie's disgusting opinion of the Wacs I must say that I think he's one hell of an American.

Indiantown Gap, Pa. —Pvt. HELEN LONDON

Dear YANK:

Hell hath no fury like a Wac criticized. . . . Many of these frilly females Sgt. Bowie blows his top about are a lot closer to action than a smug soldier who apparently has enough time to sit at his desk in the New Hebrides and write letters critical of the Wacs.

Fort Sheridan, Ill. —Pfc. MILDRED McGLAMERY

Dear YANK:

. . . We have *not* given up lace-trimmed undies; most of us still wear civilian underwear. And, incidentally, I'll bet two months' pay that Sgt. Bowie was drafted. At least we all know we did not have to be forced to serve our country. We volunteered.

Selman Field, La. —WAC Private

Dear YANK:

. . . As for sacrificing lace-trimmed undies for ODs, most of us didn't have any like that to sacrifice, as the majority of the Wacs were working girls.

Boston, Mass. —Cpl. SOPHIE WOITEL*

*Also signed by Pvt. Sybil Watson.

Dear YANK:

. . . To doff lace-trimmed panties and don ODs takes far more courage than it does to shoot a Jap through the heart.

Great Falls AAB, Mont. —1st/Sgt. EDITH F. KROUSE

Dear YANK:

. . . Thanks for the bouquets, boys. Go right on sticking the knife in our backs. . . . When it's all over we'll go back to our lace-trimmed undies and to the kind of men who used their anger on something beside the Wacs.

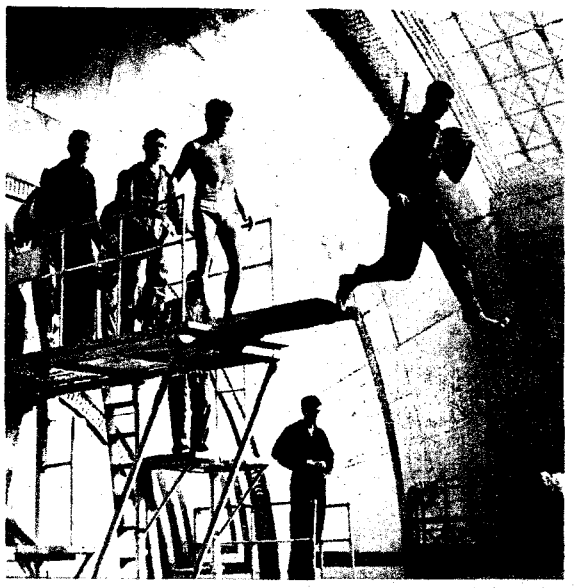
ASTP, Madison, Wis. —T-4 JANE NUGENT

Dear YANK:

. . . Thorns to Pvt. Robinson and to Sgt. Bowie. Without the roses.

Freeman Field, Ind. —Cpl. FRANCES CLOUGH*

*Also signed by Cpls. Adelaid J. Swett, Nora F. Fields and Beatrice Schweitzer and Sgt. Adelaide Bishop.



Jumping With Helmets

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue I came across this picture with the following caption: "The man jumping knows that wearing a helmet might break his neck when he hits the water." The jump as shown is executed wrong and the caption is grossly in error. For your information the helmet will not break your neck when you hit the water. Here in the Central Pacific we have jumped from towers as high as 35 feet into the water with full field equipment, wearing our helmets, and have not yet to have a broken neck. The chances that the instructor [*shown above*] will enter the water in the correct position are very slim. His arm cocked on one side to hold his helmet will throw him off balance in any jump from between 30 and 50 feet. He will not break his neck but, on a real high pump, I can assure you he will break his spine. . . .

Hawaii —Capt. GUSTAVE J. SCHWABE
Functional Swimming Instructor

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

A. JOHN D. ANDERSON of Pasadena, Calif.: write Sgt. Jack T. Gordon. . . . Pvt. LESLIE C. ANDERSON, once at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.: write James Bannan. . . . Pvt. ELMER ARDALE, last with 316th AF Sq., Fort George Wright, Wash.: write Jon Brumbea S2c.

D. Pfc. EDSEL DAVIS, once at Lowry Field Photo Sch.: write Pfc. Al Pempey. . . . Pfc. JACK T. DAVIS with Canadian Paratroops: write Pfc. Paul Hankins. . . . JOHN R. DELMORE of Kearns, Utah: write Cpl. S. M. Goldberg. . . . Pvt. MELVIN DEMERY, once at Camp Roberts, now in the SWPA: write Pvt. R. C. Christiansen. . . . Sgt. VINCENT DI NICOLA: write Cpl. George Ponnaselli. . . . LOUIS DURLAND, last heard of at Fort Custer, Mich.: write Pvt. Fred J. Drouillard.

J. Lt. Col. BEN JACOBS, AAC: write your nephew, Cpl. Ken Jacobs. . . . FRANK JACUEO of New York, N. Y.: write Cpl. Sam Wurtzel. . . . Cpl. ROBERT JOLLOTA, once with 990th Tech. Tng. Sq., AAFTTC, Atlantic City, N. J.: write Pvt. John Uhler.

L. Pvt. ROYAL P. LASKEY, in the S. Pacific: write your brothers, Pvt. Roger & Pfc. Venny Laskey. . . . T-5 FRANK J. LAW, last heard of at Kelly Field, Tex.: write Pfc. J. J. Keul. . . . DR. ABEL J. LEADER, once at a CC camp, Jackson, Mich., later at Fort Sheridan, Ill.: write Pvt. Fred J. Drouillard. . . . Pvt. WILLIAM LEADER, once at Arcadia Rifle Range, Mo.: write Pfc. Knestrict.

M. Pvt. JACK MCCORMICK, last with Co. A, 128th Inf.: write Pfc. Frank Headrick. . . . Lt. (jg) RALPH R. MACKEY, USCG: write your brother, T-5 Aarne J. Mackey. . . . WO WALTER MELVIN, once at Fort Benning, Ga.: write Glenn E. Enix. . . . Pfc. HENRY MENGEL, in the SWPA: write Pvt. Walter Suchojad.

P. Pvt. JOSEPH J. PASCIOTTY, once with an airborne glider outfit at Camp Croft, S. C.: write Pvt. Cy Ficarro. . . . Sgt. RICHARD PATERNI, once at Camp Carson, Colo.: write Sgt. Johnnie Wood. . . . EDWARD PLAMBECK, once at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.: write Pvt. Anton A. Valincius. . . . Cpl. JOSEPH PRICE, once in Co. F, 48th QM Trk. Regt., Fort Bragg, N. C.: write S/Sgt. Willie Bryant.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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YANK's Easter Bunny Reporter uses strictly GI stuff on some Fifth Avenue originals to prove you'd look like somethin'

In your Easter Hat

A.

B.

A. Garnished Gaiter. The QM Laundry will supply the shredded underwear to decorate your opened legging. Lacing adds chic.

B. Perky Pusher. Just the thing for formal KP pushing. Overseas cap with fluted web belt and helmet netting. Mess officer's bar gathers hat in center for extra sparkle.

C.

C. PT Platter. Designed for side-straddle-hop fans. The cheesecloth ties under chin to hold stiffened fatigue hat in place. Rolled-up socks, coquettishly perched on the brim, bob in cadence.

D.

D. Beagle Boater. Cool air circulating through open end of canteen cover, nestling saucily on knit cap, soothes fever of duty noncom looking for his detail.

E.

E. Toughy Topper. Only the Old Army can handle this one, styled of barbed wire and mosquito netting. Failure to penetrate tough hide caused anopheles mosquitoes, tsetse flies, stinging beetles to hang selves in frustration.

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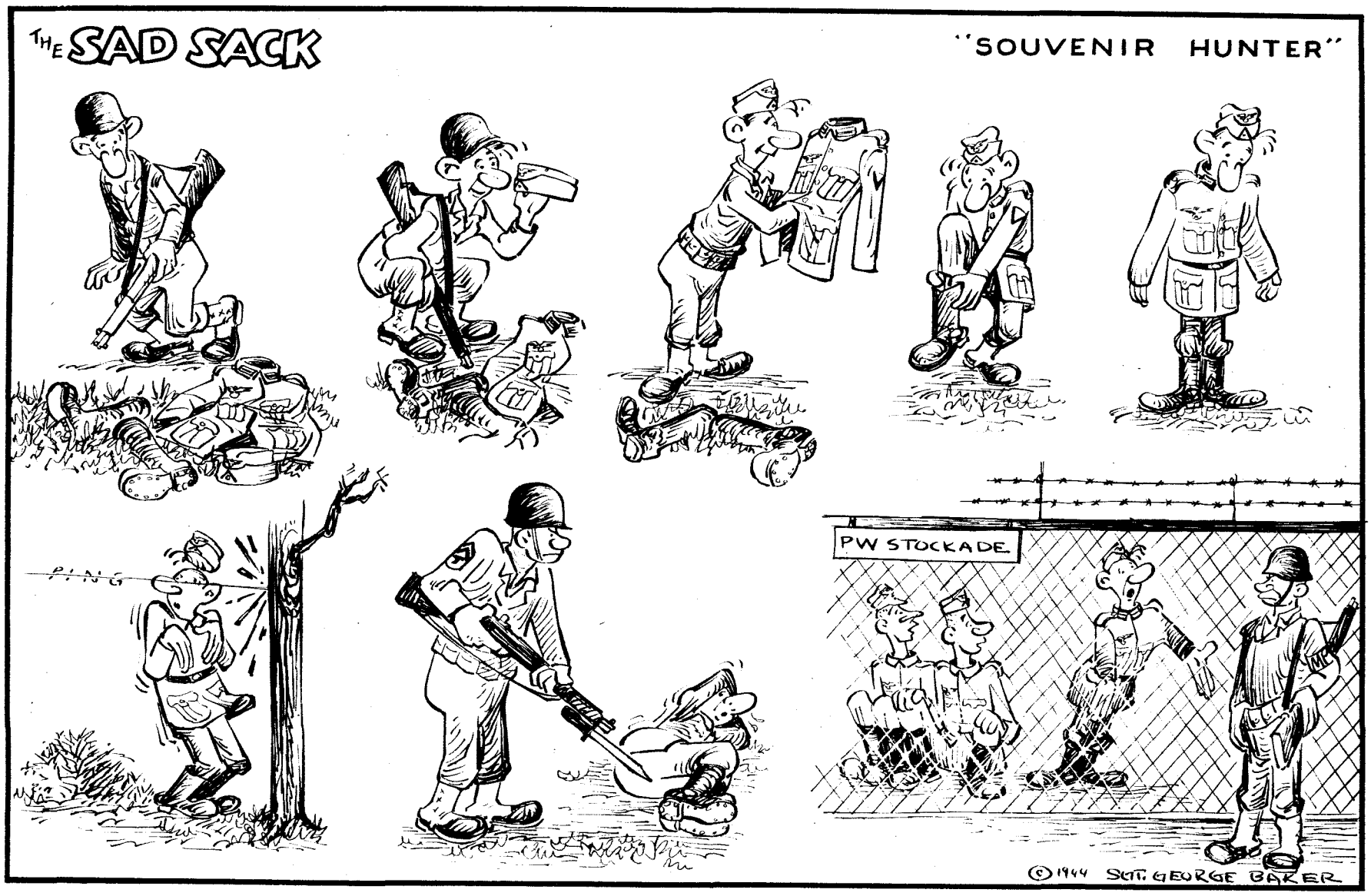

NOTHING CAN STOP THE CENSORED

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

YOU'VE heard of the Army Air Forces, of course, but someday soon you may not. In China, according to an Associated Press dispatch, the Fourteenth Air Force has banned all publicity about its flyers. Aces in the future will remain unknown.

This is a sudden and startling about-face, and if it spreads throughout the Air Forces we'll see some very strange things.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," beams the radio announcer, "here's our guest of honor for tonight, heroic Jim Gifford, a private in the glamorous United States Army *Infantry!*"

While the studio audience applauds, Jim Gifford grins and fingers his script. In the back of the room a nervous lieutenant paces the floor.

"Now tell the great radio audience, Dick, about your famous 30-mile forced march in Louisiana!"

"Well, gee, it was nothing really. I just kept putting one foot in front of the other, like this. That's the whole secret of the thing!"

"Modest, I see, like all heroes! Now tell us, Dick, what did you think about during this historic hike?"

"Well," says Dick, consulting his script, "I was thinkin' about my swell GI shoes that the Army provides me with, and——"

The lieutenant at the back of the room is able to stand it no longer. He runs down the aisle and onto the stage shouting:

"Stop it! Stop! Don't you folks remember me? I'm Lt. Basil Flasher of the Army Air Corps!"

Everyone gasps, and several angry people shout, "Zip your lip, lieutenant!" But he grips the microphone and cries hysterically:

"I used to be on all the broadcasts! I used to hold out my hands, like this, to imitate an airplane in flight. I always used to say, 'Well, I was flyin' a level course when he dove at me from about 9 o'clock so I flipped over and let him have a burst.' Remember? And the plane-motor sound effects, and the whistle and thud of bombs. Remember those good old programs? And——"

Civilians and MPs try to tear him away from the microphone. "Stop, you fool," cries the announcer. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"Band leader," screams Lt. Flasher, "band leader, play the Army Air Corps song! I want to hear it just once again!"

"We've forgotten that tune," snorts the band leader. "Besides it's been banned from the air!"

At last they overpower him. As they carry him struggling from the stage he keeps shrieking, "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder."

Strange things will happen in Britain, when the Air Force secrecy plan reaches there. Let's say we're in a London pub, the Wolf's Head Tavern, a favorite spot for American officers.

"I say, old chap, may I buy you a drink?" says a British civilian to an American captain, a handsome fellow with deep dimples and large ears.

"Jolly, isn't it?" continues the Britisher as they drink. "Oh, I say, why were you wearing a mask when you came in here? And why have you no shoulder patch or insignia? What branch of the service are you in?"

The captain stares down at his drink, and the little muscles in his jaw twitch rapidly. "Look, fellah, let's just say I'm in the Army, see, and let it go at that."

A beautiful woman sidles up to the handsome American captain. "Well," she smiles, "I could go for you! What's your name?"

"Beat it, sister," he snaps. "You're too inquisitive!"

A news photographer sneaks into the room carrying a camouflaged flash camera. Instantly the American captain goes into action. He seizes a bottle and flings it at the light. When the room is plunged into darkness he leaps on the bar.

"Nobody makes a move!" he snarls. A lock of black hair falls down over his forehead. And an instant later he flings himself through a plate-glass window to the safety of the street. His fleeing footsteps echo along the cobblestones.

Two men in a dark corner rise and exchange glances. One scribbles on a piece of paper. The other takes it and vanishes out a side door.

And a few minutes later a coded message is on its way to Berlin: "An American captain, believed to be a member of the highly secret U. S. Army Air Forces, was glimpsed in the Wolf's Head Tavern tonight. This man might possibly be the former screen star Clark Gable, whose movements long have been shrouded in mystery."

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No AAF Transfers

IF you were thinking of transferring to the Army Air Forces, forget it. No more applications for air-crew or ground-crew training will be accepted from Ground Forces or Service Forces officers or men, and no examination of such personnel for flying training will be conducted. All applications for transfer to the Army Air Forces upon which final action has not been completed will be disapproved and returned to the applicants. Flying training exams for GIs in the Ground and Service Forces were discontinued on Feb. 24 of this year. The Army doesn't say when or if they will be reopened.

Our Casualties

Latest announced American war casualties total 162,282, of which 121,458 were in the Army and 40,824 in the Navy, classified as follows:

Army: 20,592 killed, 47,318 wounded, 26,326 missing, 27,222 prisoners.

Navy (including the Marines and Coast Guard): 17,261 killed, 9,910 wounded, 9,239 missing, 4,414 prisoners.

The WD reported that 25,291 of Army wounded so far have been returned to active duty or released from Army hospitals, and that 1,627 American prisoners have died of disease, mostly in Jap prison camps. About 40 percent of Army casualties were in the North African theater, which includes Sicily and Italy. Here is a breakdown of latest Army figures by theaters:

Asiatic: 231 killed, 156 wounded, 395 missing, 144 prisoners; total 926.

Central Pacific: 447 killed, 589 wounded, 83 missing, 1 prisoner; total 1,120.

European: 2,419 killed, 2,214 wounded, 4,622 missing, 4,542 prisoners; total 13,797.

Latin-American: 44 killed, 4 wounded, 8 missing, no prisoners; total 56.

Middle Eastern: 379 killed, 232 wounded, 671 missing, 294 prisoners; total 1,576.

North African: 9,271 killed, 29,278 wounded, 3,141 missing, 7,361 prisoners; total 49,051.

North American: 1,243 killed, 1,018 wounded, 39 missing, no prisoners; total 2,300.

Philippines: 1,096 killed, 1,720 wounded, 15,198 missing, 13,590 prisoners; total 31,604.

South Pacific: 1,918 killed, 5,627 wounded, 467 missing, 6 prisoners; total 8,018.

Southwest Pacific: 1,959 killed, 3,577 wounded, 1,353 missing, 458 prisoners; total 7,347.

New Field Pack

A new field pack, in many ways identical with the jungle pack, has been developed by the QMC. It is intended eventually to replace the standard haversack and pack carrier and is expected to reduce the issue of the field bag. The new pack is made of water-repellent duck with a large flap that has a separate zipper-opening pocket on top to keep rain out of the main pouch. There are the usual suspenders and attachments for carrying cartridge belts, weapons and tools. The pack is dark olive drab in color.

Drama in the Field

Leading contemporary plays have been made available for soldier theatricals overseas by a new arrangement between Special Services and the Writers War Board. Manuscripts are modified and adapted to the preferences and needs of the troops and sent overseas weekly in mimeographed folios. Current offerings include Robert E. Sherwood's "There Shall Be No Night" and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Lillian Hellman's "Watch on the Rhine," Eugene O'Neill's one-act plays of the sea, "Arsenic and Old Lace" by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse and "The Male Animal" by Elliott Nugent and James Thurber. The folios also contain skits from network radio programs, mainly comic.

"The draft boards are sure scraping the bottom of the barrel these days, Cpl. Krautschwett."

ASTP Courses

Assignment to medicine and dentistry courses in the ASTP for the rest of the year, says the WD, will be made from among GIs who had been accepted for such courses before Apr. 1, 1944. Selection for preprofessional and subsequent professional training in medicine and dentistry will be restricted to soldiers who have completed basic training and have either 1) passed an aptitude test for the medical profession after passing Term II or Term III in the AST Reserve Program or 2) received a satisfactory score in the Army-Navy (A-12, V-12) college qualifying test.

Medical Equipment

A new surgical mobile unit has been devised that will enable front-line teams of surgeons to perform 80 to 100 operations every 24 hours. The unit consists of a six-wheeled 2½-ton truck with tents that are attached to the rear and serve as operating rooms. The tent-rooms are double-walled and have white duck linings and screened windows to improve illumination. Supplies, instruments and scrub sinks are stored in the truck.

A new sleeping bag designed for evacuating the wounded under conditions of extreme cold consists of two feather-quilted mattresses held together by a zipper 20 feet long, with 10 separate sliders to permit easy access to any part of the wounded man without exposing him entirely. A 32-inch zipper with three sliders permits opening the bag down the front. The exterior of the bag is water-repellent duck; the lining, cotton balloon cloth. The bag measures 38 by 90 inches and weighs about 24 pounds.

Washington O.P.

MAJ. GEN. Willis H. Hale, commanding the Seventh Air Force in the Central Pacific, told us that from 80 to 92 percent of all bombs dropped by the Seventh Air Force in the Marshall attack hit their targets. He cited one case where a 2,000-pounder landed smack in the gun emplacement of a Jap 10- or 12-inch coast-defense gun and blew it 60 feet into the water. The capture of the Marshalls, Gen. Hale said, now puts Truk in bombing range of our planes.

A Negro Port Battalion of the Transportation Corps in Iran holds some kind of record for unloading ships. When the battalion started working there, the average freight unloaded per ship was 222 tons a day. In a few months the battalion ran that figure up to 1,585 tons per ship a day.

The President's five-man medical commission, set up by Congress to delay the drafting of fathers, refused to recommend any general lowering of physical standards for induction in the services. The commission made only minor recommendations, some lowering, some actually raising, the physical standards.

Irving Berlin, here on a visit, praised the cast of "This Is the Army," for its performances in the British Isles. He commented that men were singing more in this war than in the last one. Sentimental songs, he said, are the favorites. The "heroic" ones often fall flat.

Under Lend-Lease the U. S. has sent the Soviet Union more than 7,800 planes so far, almost all of them combat types. We also sent the Russians more than 4,700 tanks and tank destroyers, 170,000 trucks, 33,000 jeeps, nearly 25,000 other military motor vehicles and more than 6,000,000 pairs of boots. . . . Production of landing craft is now No. 1 in the munitions program, according to the WPB.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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WHO, ME? Yes, you. It's a terrible thing to face eight first sergeants. They are all in the 260th QM Railhead Co., Camp Beale, Calif. Pointing at T-5 J. DeVito (l. to r.): H. L. Montgomery, J. C. Bosch, Harold Kays, Harry Barker, William E. Baularige, A. J. Caiaccid, J. A. Wingard and William J. Lynch.

DEMONSTRATION. You might not guess it from this picture but both these soldiers used to be ballroom dancers. Guess this is their new routine. Pvt. Karl G. Curtiss, playing leapfrog, and Pvt. Louis J. Ballatere, spread out on the floor, both from Tacoma, Wash., are at the CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans.

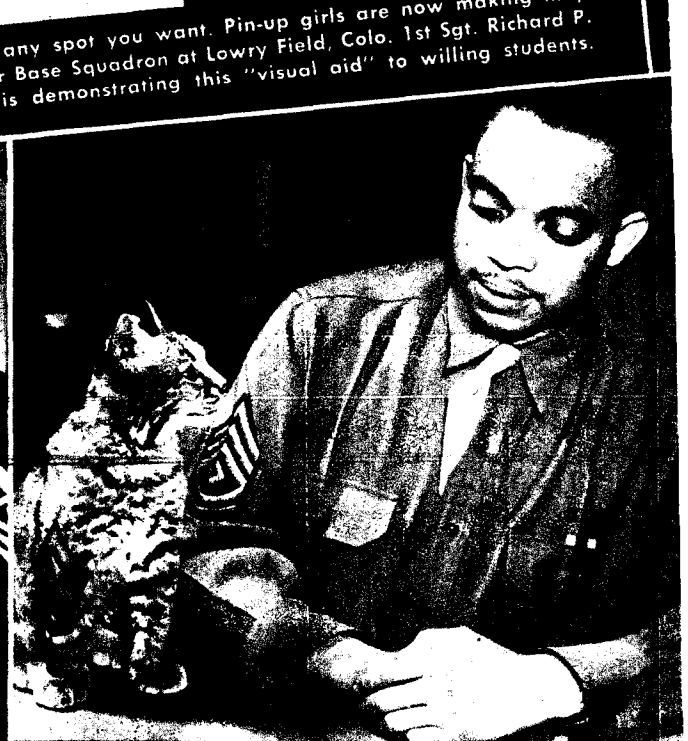
A CINCH. Sgt. Louis (Duke) Abruzzi, former star footballer now at Camp Croft, S. C., weighs 180 pounds, but that's nothing for Pvt. Max Krauser, once a European wrestling champion.

YOU CAN READ THIS MAP

EASY READING. Just check the lines and find any spot you want. Pin-up girls are now making map reading more exciting for trainees in the 22d Air Base Squadron at Lowry Field, Colo. 1st Sgt. Richard P. Bates, overseas veteran of both World Wars, is demonstrating this "visual aid" to willing students.

SOUVENIRS. Those holes which T-5 Vaugh Chadbourne of Camp Adair, Oreg., is fingering were made by a .30-caliber bullet from a captured U. S. rifle fired at him by a Jap on Attu.

SHAKE! Priscilla Cranstoun of New York receives congratulations from Lt. Comdr. Howard Prentice in Boston, Mass., as the first SPAR chief petty officer. She enlisted in the Coast Guard a year ago. They certainly can pick 'em.



RIVALRY. Do what you like, I'm staying! Caliche, a baby wildcat adopted by the 61st Aviation Squadron at Moore Field, Tex., is disputing William S. Rice's claim to be first sergeant.

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Camp Callan, Calif., for 12 weeks before confessing he was 13 years old. He will be discharged. The other Hargrove shaves every day.

NEW JOB. Less glamorous perhaps, but she likes it. WAC Pvt. Dorothy Hamilton was a night-club dancer; now she drives and repairs tanks at Newport News, Va.

FIRE EATER. Pvt. Dorian Bedox's talent for swallowing flames should have interested the Chemical Warfare Service, but he finally wound up in the AAFTD at Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

CAMP NEWS

Combined Operations

Great Lakes NTS, Ill.—Lt. Hunter J. Mackay, neuro-specialist here, conceived the idea of a portable operating chair for use in spine and head operations.

He mentioned it to one of his patients, Sheldon C. Rockwell S2c, and the sailor decided to make a sketch of the lieutenant's idea and send it to his father, L. R. Rockwell, supervisor of war-production training in the Pittsburgh (Pa.) schools.

The elder Rockwell became interested and had a model of the chair built by the tool-and-die-making class at Pittsburgh's Connelly Trade School. It is portable, so it can be used on shipboard or behind the lines, and weighs only 65 pounds, whereas other operating chairs weigh close to a ton.

Businessman

Wendover Field, Utah. — While the finishing touches were being put on Theater No. 1, the officer in charge suggested that the seats be covered with velvet and a 25-cent admission be charged. T/Sgt. Myron Kridel disagreed and suggested plush covering and a 20-cent admission charge.

"I think you're both wrong," said Sgt. Lewey Soukup. "It would be more practical to charge only 15 cents and cover the seats with GIs."

Back for More

Camp Claiborne, La.—T-5 Sam Kellman, a member of the 780th Engineer Petroleum Distribution Co., EUTC, was a lance corporal in the Royal Canadian forces during the first World War. Kellman enlisted at Montreal in 1914 at the age of 14, after an attempt to enter the U. S. Army.

He fought for two years on the Meuse front and near Metz, where he received a leg wound. Later he was gassed on the Gaza front in Egypt where he was captured by the Germans and held a prisoner for two years. He wears the Victory Cross and King George Medal, awarded to him for saving the life of a major during an artillery barrage.

Always Wear Your Teeth

Second Army Maneuvers, Tenn.—Sgt. Charles Arnold, platoon leader in an Infantry outfit, sweated out a long chow line and, after his mess kit was loaded with food, found that he'd left his store teeth behind.

Carefully placing his mess gear on the ground, he rushed away to get the teeth. When he got back, he found six little pigs and a big sow eating his dinner.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Tonopah Army Air Field, Nev.—Last Christmas Pfc. W. F. Wigner sent his Seattle (Wash.) draft board a card inscribed: "I think of you each day in the year." On Valentine's Day the draft board returned the compliment with a card which said: "We bet you're the only fellow in service who gets a Valentine from his draft board. Love and kisses, Local Board No. 11."

Fort Leavenworth, Kans.—Cpl. Glem Diment of the induction station here takes his advertisements to heart. Believing his smile was not all it should be, he bought a family-size bottle of window pane cleaner, which he now uses on his teeth for that extra gleam.

Freeman Field, Ind.—Pvt. Milburn Divine of the WAC Detachment has an antique rawhide-covered trunk that has been through three wars: the Revolutionary, Civil and Spanish-American. The trunk, which is about one-third the size of a GI foot locker, is in amazingly good condition, considering its age and travels.

Camp Haan, Calif.—When an officer entered the barracks where a group of men, members of B Btry., 568th Bn., were hunched over in a dice game, Cpl. George Otis, still rapt by the excitement of the game, called the men to attention with: "Eighter from Decatur!" The men snapped to attention.

COULD BE

Camp Hulen, Tex.—Pfc. Fred Zimmerman wired his wife recently that he could live off post every other night. Someone in the telegraph office pressed the wrong key and Mrs. Zimmerman read this: "CAN LOVE OFF POST EVERY OTHER NIGHT."

Camp Carson, Colo.—Every man in the 564th MPEG Co. signed a letter to the CO, asking for overseas duty. The letter said in part: "We as a unit agree to work nights and during off-duty hours, or to do whatever you consider necessary, toward qualifying us for this assignment."

Chanute Field, Ill.—Ten soldiers sent to wash the windows of the classification office were interviewed, classified and sent on their way. The next day another detail was sent up, but this time they washed windows.

ASTU, Bloomington, Ind.—A Christmas package mailed to Cpl. Ambrose Sembrat in November 1942 finally reached him. It had traveled from New York to three South Pacific islands; to California, Florida, Kansas City, Mo., and Fort Eustis, Va.; then back to New York and at last found him here. Contents: peanuts, candy, stationery—all slightly unusable upon receipt.

Floyd Bennett Field, N. Y.—Navy airmen came out on the short end of a pin-up contest here recently when a group of Waves polled their choices. On a slate nominated entirely by the Navy women, three AAF officers took the top three places.

Camp Tyson, Tenn. — The inspector general, making his annual tour of Hq. Btry., 316th Bn., BBTC, stopped in front of Pfc. Charles Dunaway. "Do you like your food, soldier?" he asked. Dunaway said that he did and answered with another affirmative when the officer asked if the food was well cooked. "Do you get enough to eat?" the IG asked. "Oh yes, sir!" Dunaway replied. "I'm on separate rations."

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Pvt. Francis Tann got a letter from his girl telling him that she had herself a new boy friend. Then Tann learned that the ex-sweetheart had used his car, which he had lent her for the duration, on dates with the new boy friend. Tann found out also that the War Bonds he had bought and put in her name were to be used to underwrite the honeymoon. The pay-off came when Tann wrote the girl for an explanation and received a letter from the new boy friend telling Tann to stop bothering the girl.

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—Pvt. Harvey B. Vogel of the 255th Infantry loaned a book to a friend 17 years ago in Jersey City. The other day, while going through a shipment of old books sent by the USO for company day rooms, Vogel found the book again.

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Pfc. Thomas Raiais, who is a mimeograph operator in the 1672d SU Personnel, placed the stencil given to him in the machine without looking at it. Midway in the job he glanced at it to find that it was a special order transferring him to the Engineers. "I'm sick," groaned Raiais. "Will someone please finish running this order?" He recovered later when he was told it was only a gag.

Fort Ord, Calif.—S/Sgt. Eugene Roberts, supply sergeant of Btry. B, 756th FA Bn., is lending his support to the stork. Whenever he hears change jingling in any GI's pocket, he offers to match to see who puts money into a "bond bank" he has on his desk. With the money thus realized, a $25 War Bond is given to the father of each newborn child in the battery.

WANTED: News items of interest, pictures and features. Send them on to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that they be forwarded to YANK, the Army Weekly.

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Hearing That His Friend Was Coming Back From the War

In old days those who went to fight
In three years had one year's leave.
But in this war the soldiers are never changed;
They must go on fighting till they die on the battlefield.
I thought of you, so weak and indolent,
Hopelessly trying to learn to march and drill.
That a young man should ever come home again
Seemed about as likely as that the sky should fall.
Since I got the news that you were coming back,
Twice I have mounted to the high hall of your home.
I found your brother mending your horse's stall;
I found your mother sewing your new clothes.
I am half afraid; perhaps it is not true;
Yet I never weary of watching for you on the road.
Each day I go out at the city gate
With a flask of wine, lest you should come thirsty.
Oh that I could shrink the surface of the world,
So that suddenly I might find you standing at my side.

This poem was written by Wang Chien in AD 830 and was translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley. It is reprinted here by the permission of Alfred A. Knopf Inc.

SONNET TO A STATESMAN

When that which lies before us is behind
And days and nights of restless waiting end,
Shall we in bitter recognition find
No worthy use of all we freely lend?
What years might hold for us is put aside;
To other days belongs the planned career.
Shall we who now comprise a country's pride
Find lost as well so much our lives make dear?
The simple truths are those for which we fight,
The freedoms men have won and known as good.
No sophistry that colors wrong to right
Enlists our arms against our brotherhood.
What value battles won in foreign lands
If freedom here elude our reaching hands?

Casper AAB, Wyo. —S/Sgt. RAYMOND HARRIS

MARRIAGE OVERSEAS

(Officers and enlisted men in the Trinidad Sector and Base Command who desire to marry must be familiar with contents of letter file TS 291.1, Subject: Marriages by Military Personnel.)

If you've got marriage on the mind
And want to get it done,
Make sure that you're familiar with
File TS two-nine-one.

You've got to get permission, it's
Your CO who says "Yes";
And his authority is in
A file that's marked TS.

Trinidad —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

THIS saucy wench answers to the name of Gloria Anderson and she's one of the thirty or so decorative damsels in Samuel Goldwyn's "Up in Arms." Gloria is the second girl from this musical movie to appear on YANK's pin-up page. All we can say is that if they keep coming around looking like this we're just putty in their hands. Just putty.

BUNA BEACH

(On seeing a picture of three dead American soldiers on Buna Beach.)

Perhaps they struggled with geography
When they were boys, lisping the sinewy names
Of far-off lands they never hoped to see,
With thoughts intent upon their outdoor games:
The wild halloos and shouts of after-school,
A rag-tailed kite against a gray March sky,
And boyish laughter ringing "April Fool!"
When someone took their bait.

Well, here they lie,
Three lads on Buna Beach, grotesquely laid
In the informal pose of sudden death;
While we, who live secure because they paid
In currency compounded of their breath,
Would hesitate and ponder on a scheme
To bargain interest to preserve their dream.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Pfc. KEITH B. CAMPBELL

WINTER AFTERNOON

All day tattered clouds blow past
In the sharp north wind, limbs of trees
Etched black on the sky rattle together,
Cold gathers its scattered forces, the
Leaden water quiets itself for a
Long calm time; then the heavens mix
Thicker, hover low over distant hills
And soon gently swaying down comes
The first frail flake of snow.

Fort Lawton, Wash. —Pfc. LOWELL RICHARDS

THE FREIGHTER

Slowly the freighter splits the green motion
With rhythmic ease. The bow turns eastward
Where the misty chemistry of the ocean
Spreads over the hulk and bobbing driftwood.

Below sky in agony, where the cirrus
Is near, bombers tread heavily on space;
Toward war, where fascists learn to fear us,
This frighter goes—while I get sun on my face.

AAB, Miami Beach, Fla. —Pvt. NORMAN GELBER

TRAVEL NOTE

From London to Tahiti.
From Attu to Port of Spain,
From Bougainville to Martinique.
You'll hear a new refrain;
From Frisco to Pearl Harbor
The legend will appear
That during World War No. 2
Mrs. Roosevelt slept here.

Southwest Pacific —Sgt. JACK N. CARL

VICTIM OF WAR

Drape your crepe and bow your head—
A yen of men is dead.
Born the day that man first married,
Now in potter's field 'tis buried.

This yen: To spend at least one night
Each week "out with the boys."
The groom, its friend; the bride, its foe—
She didn't often let us go.

But we got out—well, now and then—
By "working late" or sneak;
Ah! poker chips and glasses brimmed.
That one blest night each week.

Out with the boys was fun back then;
Once a week—all right;
But, holy cripes, it's sickening
Like this: All day! All night!

Yep, GI Joe has had his fill
Of male associations.
He's ready for a ceaseless swill
Of female situations.

So when your khaki-clad returns,
Milady, rest in peace;
That yen of men to roam from home
Is in its grave, deceased.

Alaska —Cpl. WALTER A. ARMBRUSTER

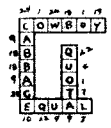
TRANSITION FLIGHT

Rocking and swaying in this steaming coach
  And in a mellow mood—yes, schblitzed anew—
I feel that age-old atavism encroach
  Upon me in the constant need for you.
All history is repetitious, so
  From out subconscious labyrinths you float,
Like Venus, in a warm and golden glow,
  To bring a strangling lump into my throat.
This primrose path with you is just a state
  Of mind—sweet dalliance with my love!—
    (Why, yes,
I'll have another of the same!) It's fate.
  Beyond a doubt, Marie; but I confess
One poignant, bitter fact is all too clear:
  I cannot woo a memory, my dear!

Ardmore AAB, Okla. —Sgt. WILLIAM R. CARTY

TEE-TOTAL

ARE you popular in your outfit? Or do careless grammar slips betray you? Are you bothered by unruly hair? Old Mr. Coffee Nerves got you down? Throw away that truss!



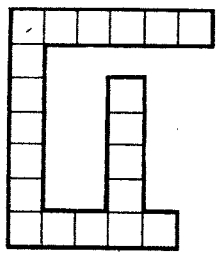
Forget your troubles with one of YANK's delicious Prize Puzzle Kits. They're easy to win. No harsh, griping drugs. Just follow these simple, easy rules:

Fill the diagram with four English words. Don't use names of persons or places. Consulting the table below, add up the number values of the *20 letters* you have used, *counting each of the 20 letters only once*. The example above counts 246. If you can't beat that, you're lousy.

Judges will ignore bribes under $100. In case they can't decide a dispute about words, Webster's Collegiate Dictionary will be final authority.

LETTER VALUES

A	9	N	13
B	18	O	1
C	24	P	17
D	2	Q	22
E	10	R	6
F	23	S	8
G	21	T	7
H	16	U	4
I	15	V	12
J	25	W	26
K	20	X	5
L	3	Y	19
M	14	Z	11



Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on this page in the Apr. 30 issue.

NARROW ESCAPE

A MAN found himself on a narrow railroad bridge with a train coming toward him. When he spotted the train, the man was 5 feet from the center of the bridge, on the side near the train. At that moment the train's distance from the bridge was exactly twice the length of the bridge.

The man started to run—toward the train. He got to the end of the bridge just in time to swerve out of the way, for at that moment the train was still 12 inches from the end of the bridge.

However, if he had run in the opposite direction, the train would have overtaken him, hitting him at a point 3 inches from the end of the bridge.

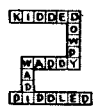
How long was the bridge?

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

NARROW ESCAPE. Let L equal the length of the bridge. While the man runs ½L minus 60 inches (5 feet), the train goes 2L minus 12 inches. Had he run in the opposite direction, he would have run ½L plus 60 inches minus 3 inches, or ½L minus 57 inches, while the train would have gone 3L minus 3 inches. Now adding together the man's distances in both directions and the train's distances in both cases, you get this: The man can run L minus 3 inches while the train goes 5L minus 15 inches. It's obvious, therefore, that the train runs 5 times as fast as the man. So if we multiply the distance the man ran by 5, the answer should be equal to the distance the train covered in that time. The man ran ½L minus 60 inches, which, multiplied by 5, is 2½L minus 300 inches. This equals 2L minus 12 inches, the train's distance.

Your equation reads 2½L — 300 = 2L — 12. Or ½L = 288. L = 576 inches, or 48 feet.

U. S. TEE-TOTAL WINNERS. Puzzle Kits were won by these men (scores in parentheses): Pfc. Laurence Brooks, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.; Pvt. W. H. Carr, ASTU, University of Illinois; Lt. D. B. Netherwood, Nashville, Tenn. (all with 409); Pvt. Steve Pastorek, Santa Maria, Calif., and Pvt. Rolla Nelson, Charleston, S.C. (both 408), and Pfc. Raymond Burke, Las Vegas, Nev. (407). Netherwood's solution is shown here. S/Sgt. Maurice Houlne, Oakland, Calif. (409) and Pfc. Walter Shedlofsky, Rock Island (Ill.) Arsenal (408), were second-time winners.



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PX

★ This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip to inspire you to new efforts.

"The Power of Music"

If a contest should ever be held to determine the most convincing fake in the United States Army, my choice is Pvt. Willie Bennett. For instance . . .

About 8 o'clock one night I walked into the barracks, and there was Willie in his bunk.

"And where have you been?" he asked.

"I have been to the Service Club," I replied. "Mrs. Billings wants a mural painted in the music room but she can't find anyone who knows how to paint a mural."

Willie looked at me, stared at the ceiling, climbed down his bunk and put on his shoes.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'm going to the library," answered Willie. "I'm going to read up on surrealism. And then I'm going to tell Mrs. Billings that Willie Bennett is the artist to paint her mural."

"But Willie," I pointed out, "you are no artist."

"I am also not a soldier, but I wear a uniform," he answered and walked out.

An hour later Willie came back.

"Do you have the job?" I asked.

Willie sat down and took off a shoe. "Yes," he said. "After I went to the library I saw Mrs. Billings. I told her I was the only painter in camp but that I was one of those surrealists. I also told her I studied under Duret."

"Who is Duret?" I asked.

"Duret is a name I made up," said Willie, "but Mrs. Billings was very much impressed. I start painting tomorrow."

Four days later I decided to see how Willie was coming along with his mural. I found him in the music room with some paints in one hand and a brush in the other. The wall was partly covered with paints of various colors.

"Well," said Willie, wiping some orange paint off his nose, "what do you think of it?"

"Willie," I choked, "Willie, it is horrible."

He didn't seem to hear me. Instead he stepped back and gave his mural the once over. "I call it 'The Power of Music,'" he said. "An appropriate title, don't you think?"

"Where in hell is there anything about music in that mess?" I asked. "I bet even Mrs. Billings won't be able to find any music on that wall. And I know the GIs who come in here won't."

"They won't even look at it," answered Willie. "They'll be too busy listening to jive. And Mrs. Billings has seen it already. She is very much impressed. Besides, art is the sentiment of the soul. This is how my soul feels."

It was some two weeks later, on a Sunday, when Willie and "The Power of Music" signed an armistice. I went in to see what effect music had on Willie's soul. The finished product was just as horrible as the part I had seen before, only it covered more space.

As Willie said, the guys in the music room didn't even notice the mural. They were too busy listening to Ellington give out with a jump number. The fact that the wall looked like a Section Eight rainbow with a splash of SOS didn't bother them at all.

I turned around and there was Mrs. Billings. "Isn't it lovely," she said, staring at Willie's mess. "One of our own men painted it, you know. He is a surrealist and studied under Duret. He certainly has put feeling into his work."

—Pvt. SPENCER L. DAVIDSON

ASTP, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.

The Sweetest Thing

In the town near my camp there are 50 soldiers to every girl. Every GI tries to get him a steady girl because if you come to town without anything definite to receive you, you might as well reconcile yourself to walking the streets until the MPs chase you off them.

I, too, tried to get a girl. For weeks I had no success. For weeks I didn't even get to say hello to a girl. Then one week end I met someone at a dance. Her name was Agnes.

Agnes and I got along great—so well, in fact, that before the week end was up I asked her to be my steady girl.

"Of course," she said.

I pinched myself for joy. "You really mean it?" I asked.

She smiled sweetly. "Of course, honey."

"Now that we're going steady," I said, "I'll see you every time I get up here."

"If you get here first," she replied.

"You know what it means to be engaged, don't you?" I said. "It means you and I come above all other boys and girls in each other's lives."

She touched my hand gently. "Yes," she whispered.

The next week end, when I reached town, I phoned Agnes. Her mother said she was at a dance. I went to the dance, and as I was entering I saw Agnes coming out, a soldier on each arm.

"Hey, Agnes!" I called.

"Hello, Sam," she said.

"The name is Tony," I corrected.

"Oh honey," she laughed, going away, "I forget. There's so many of them."

Love is the sweetest thing.

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. —Pvt. R. FRIEDMAN

WAVES

Oh, the days are gone when the sailors went
Down to the sea in ships,
For now our gobs are heaven-sent
And go down to the sea in slips!

U. S. Naval Air Station, Minneapolis, Minn. —A/C JACK McGUIRE

"Gimme candy, Sad Sack!"
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell, Santa Ana AAB, Calif.

FROM AST TO APO

ASTP cut from 140,000 to 30,000.—*News item.*

Say good-bye to the slide rules and textbooks,
Say good-bye to the coeds and class,
And take one last spree
As you finish term III,
For you're going right out on your—ear!

It will make little difference to study,
You're just like the rest of the dupes,
For win, lose or draw,
You'll be eating it raw,
And heading right back for the troops.

The dear days at college are over,
The profs and the T-squares are gone,
So cry in your beers,
You poor engineers,
You'll be digging a ditch from here on!

ASTP, Newark, Del. —Pvt. GEORGE HART

NIGHT MARCH

Light, through the open doorway, brushed a feeble gleam
Of yellow on the night, and the boy stood
Square in its beam, shock-haired, bowlegged, dirty fist in mouth—
A stout, small silhouette against the glow—
Staring upon the road.

Clearly he heard
Through the soft cushion of the star-hung dark
The swift unending whisper of their trend, the rush
And pad of hurried feet, a hushed unease
Much like the rumoring of hidden leaves
Portending storm.

Clearly he saw
Their blackened shape against the lighter night—
The lurching packs, the forward-pressing file
Flung like a rack of angry summer clouds
On the horizon. And the boy felt
Quicken within himself the smoky thrill,
The formless, fearful joy that always came
When the sky cracked and blazed and the maniac wind
Beat like a flail upon the stubborn trees.

Not a star blinked
In all that quiet night, yet the boy knew
That on the dusty red-clay road which ran
Before the farm a storm was being born.
How great a wind would rise, how many towers
Would topple, Caesar's thrones and fasces fall,
How many hollow eagles overturn,
No barefoot farmer's boy might even dream.
Nor yet might they,
Whose silent, purposeful columns in the dark
Were shaping fury that would shake the world.

Buckley Field, Colo. —Pvt. JOHN ROLFE

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SPORTS: KENTUCKY DERBY HORSES: THEIR LIVES AND LOVES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

A HANDY guide to the 63d running of the Kentucky Derby, May 3, including the confessions of a filly and a remedy for snake bite.

Miss Keeneland. Daughter of Blenheim II and half-sister of Whirlaway, from William Woodward's Calumet Farms stable. Started eight times as a 2-year-old, won four, finished second three times and banked $30,795. Rumored to have a romantic interest in Pukka Gin, the favorite.

Pukka Gin. Definitely not interested in Miss K. or any other filly entered in the Derby. Col. C. V. Whitney says he has a crush on an old mare at a nearby stud farm and is willing to wait. Won five races in 1943 but attracted little attention until he stepped into fast company in the Champagne Stakes, at a mile, and flattened Platter and Occupy. Not to be confused with Sloe Gin.

Director J. E. Named after you know who. But needs a little investigating himself after finishing out of the money in the Flamingo Stakes last winter at Hialeah. Best beyond a mile, so the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter may be to his liking.

Grant Rice. Won only one race in two seasons, and even his namesake, Grantland Rice, has quit writing about him.

Black Badge. Red hot as a 2-year-old. Set the Detroit tracks afire with six straight victories and then won two stakes at Chicago. But he's a sprinter, and the Derby route is strictly for the Cunninghams and Haeggs.

Stir Up. This Greentree Stable nominee made the mistake of winning the Flamingo Stakes. It's a tradition that the Flamingo winner never wins the Derby. Only one, Lawrin, ever did. And Stir Up is no Lawrin. Besides, he's supposed to be sweet on a filly named Durazna, who is also running in the Derby.

Durazna. A career horse who believes a filly can run in the spring as long as she keeps her mind on her business. Said to be fashioning her career after Regret, the pin-up girl of Wilson's Administration, who was the only filly who ever won the Derby. As a 2-year-old, Durazna beat not only her own sex but ran some of the best colts into the ground. Frankly, Stir Up is wasting his time.

Alorter. As far back as last summer, this black colt by The Porter—Sun Bijur was picked as the horse to beat in the Derby. Since then he has been the horse they all beat.

Platter. A chestnut colt by Pilate—Let's Dine, and according to George D. Widener, the biggest chow hound in his stable. Won only two races in 1943—the Pimlico Futurity and Walden Stakes—but they were at a mile and a sixteenth. In both races he came roaring from behind at the stretch turn and finished like the wind.

Kope Kona. A Hawaiian colt who came over just for the ride and to get an American Theater ribbon. He has never been to the post because there was no racing in Honolulu in 1943.

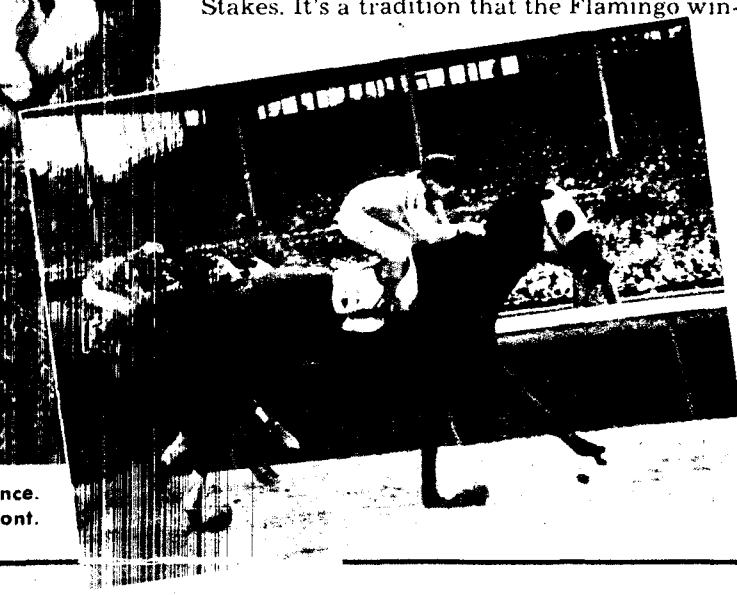
Olympic Zenith. William Helis changed his name, but we would know him anywhere. A lot of broke horse players knew him as Valdina Zenith. Has since reformed and recently grabbed first money in the Louisiana Derby.

Occupy. Richest horse entered in the Derby, but his money won't do him a damn bit of good here. Earned $112,949 in 1943, winning five races, but was knocked down late in the season by Pukka Gin and that man hater, Durazna. His brother, Occupation, was another big money winner who couldn't win the Derby.

Lucky Draw. Watch this horse. His trainer told us the other day that he had a fight with his stablemate, Platter, over some newspaper clippings and may be out to better himself.

Pensive. The trouble with this second Calumet nomination is that he thinks too much. Probably sensitive about his name. The last time he stopped to think he finished fourth to Occupy in the Belmont Futurity. His trainer, Ben Jones, says he will wake up in a certain distance race in May in Louisville.

Harriet Sue. A shy, sweet young thing who ran away and hid from colts as a 2-year-old. Her place is in the stable over a hot bag of oats.



Above: Durazna, a filly with a chance.
Right: Pukka Gin winning at Belmont.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Marcel Cerdan, the French sailor who won the Allied welterweight championship at Algiers, is hardly a "sensational new fighter" or a "find." As far back as 1939, he was supposed to come to this country to meet **Henry Armstrong,** but the war broke out and Cerdan found himself stranded. . . . Army's 1944 football schedule is tougher than a den of lions. The Cadets open with powerful North Carolina, then on successive Saturdays tackle N. C. Pre-Flight School, Villanova, Pittsburgh, Duke, Notre Dame, Penn and Navy . . . **Leo Durocher** is still screaming about that $400 he lost to a bunch of Army pilots in a crap game at a Florida air base. . . . Attention **Steve O'Neill,** manager of the Detroit Tigers: **T-5 Virgil Green,** a left-hander from Lansing, Mich., who hurled Australia's first no-hit, no-run game, wants to sign with you when he comes home. . . . **Pvt. Alton Wilkie,** the Pirate lefty, is attending NCO school at Camp Roberts, Calif. . . . Here's a new one on us: **Yankee Billy Johnson,** already inducted into the Army, was discharged so he could join the Merchant Marine. . . . **A/C Howie Pollett,** the slick Cardinal southpaw, has qualified as a bombardier and is now learning aerial gunnery at Las Vegas, Nev. . . . From **Mac Rothenberg,** stationed somewhere in England with the Eighth Air Force Fighter Command, comes this report on **Sgt. Freddie Mills:** "He's nothing but a third-rater. Matching him with Louis would be the biggest farce in history. Mills couldn't hold his own against Gus Lesnevich. His style is amateurish and he leads with his chin."

Killed in action: **Capt. Jeff Dickson,** the "Tex Rickard of Europe" and discoverer of Primo Carnera, during a raid over Germany. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Tom Harmon,** Michigan's All-American halfback, with the silver star for the part he played in a battle over Jap-held China, where he shot down two Zeros before being shot down himself. . . . *Commissioned:* **Joe Beggs,** Cincinnati right-hander, as a lieutenant (jg) in the Navy. . . . *Discharged:* **Betty Hicks,** women's national golf champion, from the Coast Guard with a CDD; **Johnny Gilbert,** veteran jockey, from the Army with a CDD.

Inducted: **Tony Galento,** one-time heavyweight contender, into the Army; **Dick Bartell,** New York Giant infielder, into the Navy; **Jimmy Orlando,** former Detroit Red Wing defenseman, into the Canadian Army; **Bill Dietrich,** Chicago White Sox pitcher, into the Army; **Joe Glenn,** ex-Yankee catcher, now on the roster of the Kansas City Blues, into the Navy; **Steve Sundra,** right-hander of the St. Louis Browns, into the Army; **Bill Baker,** Pittsburgh catcher, and **Bob Klinger,** Pittsburgh pitcher, into the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Dixie Walker,** Brooklyn outfielder, because of an injured knee; **Ray Mueller,** catcher for the Cincinnati Reds, because of stomach ulcers; **George Metkovich,** Boston Red Sox outfielder, because of improper healing of a broken leg.

TAPPED. Tony Galento, the human beer barrel, lets a couple of GIs feel the Army's new soft underbelly after being inducted at Newark, N. J.

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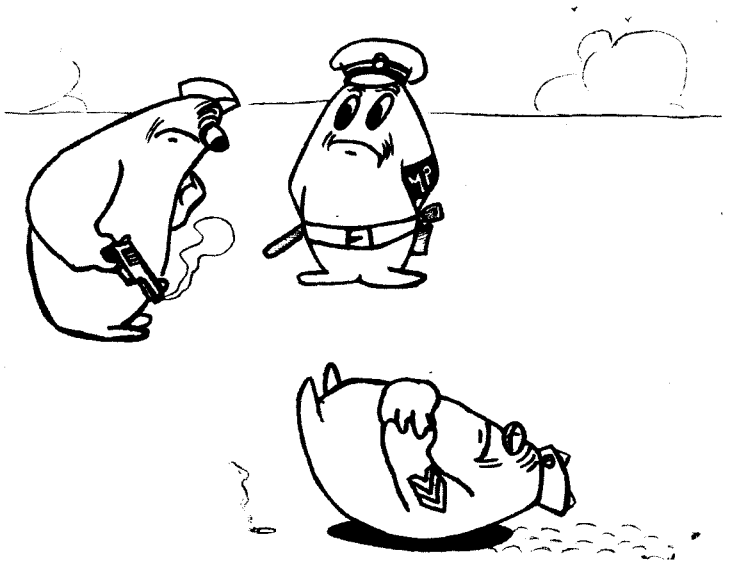
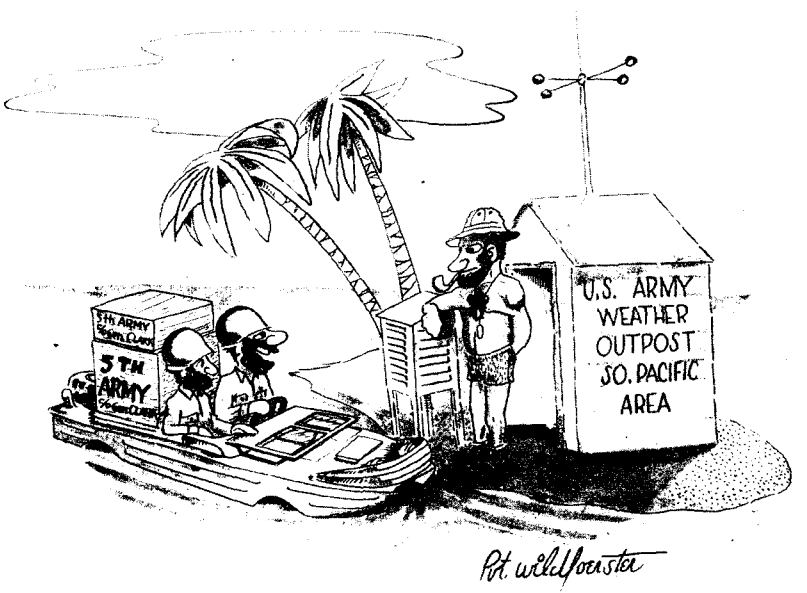
"WHERE WERE YOU BROUGHT UP—IN A BARN?"
—Pfc. Lionel Wathall

"TIMBER-R-R-R!"
—M Sgt. Ted Miller



"BUT THIS IS ABSURD! I DON'T EVEN *KNOW* THE MAN!"
—A/S Gerry Turner



"WE FIGURED ON LANDING SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF ROME, BUT NOT THIS FAR SOUTH."
—Pvt. Frederick Wildfoerster

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